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THE WARRIORS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Others were mild,
Entreated in a silent valley, sleep;
With sober sagehood to usurp a lamp
Their sun herein dwelt, and hence fell
By dints of battle; and complain that Fate,
Fire-virus should enkindle to form or clothe
Patamian Lore.

They sang, while Memory potsed back
The portals of the past, and let them stream
Forth on the lofty theme that fired
In childhood's wisdom dreams;
Now fed the burden of a hymn—
Lost, wailing, pallid chorisim!

II.

O, golden hours of Heaven fled!
A golden chapter of the throne
In which they walked unparalleled
Companioned or alone!
Forever gone the starred delight,
And now, the long, long, endless night!

III.

Buckle them droops the arm, save
That led the patient of the fight—
Around their brows the replica wreath
Once wove of flowers and light.
O, Power! O, Pain! O, human Fall!
O, white robe lost!—O, clinging pall!

IV.

Sad eyes! eye of the human mold,
Man solemnly made, through pain your door—
For what are we ourselves but hints
Of many a burning truth
Wind thousands of leaves dead,
And gathers, sadly, leaves dead!

V.

Favor! Pain! the terrible gods o'er us
Are also less exposed and crowned
And never-ending flame winged
With lightning, rages round—
Yet we fall, shall we complain,
Like ye when driven from the plain?

VI.

No, Angels, am't not there that very,
Infinite yearnedness, with which strong,
If they must fall, ignoble stick
Into melancholy song
Even in defeat, the soul with flight
For vanishing, bone out her height.

VII.

Then warriors for the truth, look up!
At bottom—all we need the faith
Which sees the Right, and dies
From hill and stadium and
To arms! To arms! No going arms—
But throw war again to Wrong!

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by HARPER BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONFLICT, AND ITS RESULT.

Not until the grappling had been secured, and the two vessels lay lashed side by side, did Julian raise his head so that the enemy might see his features. Then he darted forward and cast a quick glance over the scene. He saw that the pirates were preparing for boarding, and he knew from their manner that they were not expecting resistance. They all had their cutlasses girded about them, but not many had their weapons drawn.

"Ready!" ordered the youth, in a tone which was quickly caught by those for whom it was intended, but which could not be heard beyond. "Now—To your stations!"

Quick as thought, and without confusion, the men glided to their respective places, and hardly had they done so, when the pirates began to leap upon the rail of their own vessel. The first to start was the giant chieftain himself. He had hopped upon the rail, and had his hand stretched forth to grasp the traitor's shoulder, when, with a shout, Julian Glendower sprang forward and confronted him.

"Ha! Villian!" the youth cried, raising his pistol as he spoke. "Would'st thou murder a squire?"

"Death and perdition!" gasped Gunstar, stopping suddenly in his course, as though he had met a spirit. But he rallied in a moment, and was in the act of drawing a pistol from his belt, when Julian took deliberate aim, and fired. The pistol clattered to the deck, and the chief, with a yell, sprang quickly and spasmodically in his human—very near to the old wound—he sank back upon the deck of his own vessel. Julian saw him stagger back, with his hand still pressing hard upon the pain—pain—then rush to and fro like a drunken man—and then, as he was upon the point of falling, one of his men caught him in their arms, and bore him below.

In the meantime the hardy Scotchmen had not been idle. As soon as they heard the report of their leader's pistol they were ready for action, and the first ten men who showed themselves upon the rail were shot down. Three only of the pirates, at the first onset, gained the traitor's deck, and they were shot ere they had dealt a blow.

In a few moments there was a confusion of hostilities. Julian saw in an instant the effect which had been produced upon the pirates, and making all possible haste among his men, he arranged them into two squads, taking care that each man should have plenty of room, and instructing them to see to it that they kept the enemy before them.

"Fall back if necessary," he said, "but be sure that you do not let any of the villains get behind you. Remember—retreat, with forbidden ground, to which they cannot gain allow. Now—look out!"

Carlton, upon whom now fell the duty of leading the buccaneer crew, had rallied his men, and with fearful oaths of vengeance he urged them on. As they started forward a second time, they paused in a volley of pistol shots upon the traitor's deck, and then another. The fire leaded pistols which remained in the hands of the merchantmen were discharged at the pirates as soon over the rail, and then the conflict was hand to hand. Julian had kept his eye upon Lukas Carlton, and the two met as if by mutual desire. The pirate lieutenant was a powerful fellow—a stout man of bone and muscle—and he sprang upon our hero as a lion might spring upon an easy prey.

"Infernal dog!" he cried, as he stopped a moment to gain into the youth's face, "we have met now, and if you have friends in the other world, you shall soon be with them!"

"Don't stop to threaten," returned Julian. "I have settled with your superior, and I can settle with you."

"Then here it is!" shouted Carlton, springing forward, and aiming a blow at the youth's head.

But Julian was prepared for all such coarse as that. He parried the stroke with a slight effort, and did not seek then to return it. He saw that his antagonist was mad, and that he would be likely soon to forget himself. And so it proved. So far as our hero only aimed to ward off his furious blows he grew more and more excited, and seemed to imagine that his combatant dared not make aught of it. Finally, having grown desperate at his repeated failure to make any impression upon his agile foe, he rushed forward in a rage, Julian's arm. This was an opportunity not to be missed. Our hero simply leaped upon one side, and at the same time drove his cutlass through the pirate's body; then he gave him a push as he drew his reeking weapon forth, and Lukas Carlton sank dead upon the deck.

During this scene the conflict had been raging in the gangway and upon the forecastle. Captain Moore had perceived the dangerous state of the pirates, having slain three of them with his own hand; while Sweezy and Mark, who had got together upon the forecastle, were doing good work there. Five of the Scotchmen had fallen, and the others were being pressed back.

A slight circumstance may change the fate of a battle, no matter how carefully arrangements have been made. When Julian Glendower, fleshed with the easy victory over Carlton, appeared in the gangway, with his reeking cutlass, the enemy saw him starting the air, and cut down two of the enemy at his own accord. Seeing the fearful work, the others must be out of our way?"

"Ay, and they're out of the way, sure enough," replied Moore. "We'll keep the bodies of our own men, and throw them overboard after them; but those others must be out of our way?"

At this moment a shout from the mainsail near the weather earing, and passed through the forecastle.

"If they'll only fire as high as that every time, we wouldn't mind it so much," said Mark, as he stooped down to help lift the corse of the pirate lieutenant.

The body was thrown overboard, and then the men proceeded to the gangway where lay eight more dead pirates. These were thrown after the former were thrown into the sea, and the latter were being hurled over, when Julian entered from five dead pirates, and two of their own men. These were disposed of the same as the others had been, and then Capt. Moore turned his attention to two of his brave fellows who had been wounded.

In the meantime the pirate kept up his fire, but as yet no man had been injured, save a slight scratch which Mr. Sweezy received upon the arm from a splinter. Capt. Moore and Julian had just gone aft where one of the men came running up from below with the information that the brig was leaking badly.

"There's six or eight feet of water in the hold!" he said, "and it's pouring in as fast as it can."

LADY GLENDOWER IN CAPTIVITY.

Moore rushed to the side, and found that the vessel was settling rapidly in the water, and it was now disbowered that they had not only received several shots between wind and water, but that the timbers had been broken away from some of the planking.

"Is your's all, or all events?" cried the captain, with a quivering lip. "What's to be done now? We haven't a boat left, and if we make a raft, the pirates'll blow us out of water by the time we get on to it."

Julian knew not what advice to offer in this emergency. The captain had spoken to him, but he could only shake his head, and bid them hope for the best.

"And where's the hope?" returned Moore. "We can't float half an hour. Look there!" he added, pointing over the side, "the water already washes the channels."

"We might make a raft and run the ride," suggested Mark.

Julian was upon the point of speaking when one of the men, who had just gone forward, yelled out, at the top of his voice—

"Ship ho—ship ho!"

"Where away?" cried the captain rushing to the forecastle.

"Right ahead, sir!"

When Capt. Moore reached the weather bow he saw a barque, not more than two miles distant, bearing down directly towards them. They had all been so intent upon the pirate that no look-out had been kept forward, and thus the stranger had approached unobserved. The pirate seemed to have discovered the barque at the same time, for they had ceased, and were shot, at the top of his voice, "Mother! Mother!" and in an agony of terror he awoke and sprang from his chair. The cry of her boy still sounded in her ear—she was sure she had heard him—still upon her—and without further thought she instantly left the door. She drew the bolt and threw it open, and passed out into the hall. She had reached the open yard she stopped and gazed about her. She saw the dim outlines of the buildings, and she saw the dark line of the distant forest, but she could see no living thing. She listened for the tone of her son—called in a low, whispering tone, as though afraid of her own voice—but she received no answer.

"It was but a dream," she said to herself. "And yet I was wide awake, or I never should have risen. I saw it all vividly, and heard his voice as plainly as I ever heard him speak in life. Can it be that my son's cry not only did I bring thee here? I have been dreaming, and for a moment I feared that I could have died for thee! But if thou art gone, thy mother will not linger long behind thee."

She bowed her head till her chin rested upon her breast, and in a few moments more slowly towards the east. She had taken but a single step when she was arrested in consciousness by the sound of something moving near her; but ere she could fully recover herself, or so to give any alarm, a thick cloth was thrown over her head, and then she was borne away by strong arms. She was caught up by stout arms, and bore swiftly away. She struggled with all her power, but to no purpose. In a few moments she was given across the back of a horse—then some one mounted behind her—then she heard the voices of two men, as though in consultation, and in a moment more the horse was started off upon a swift gallop. She knew that she was taken through the wood, as she could tell by feeling the sweep of overhanging boughs upon her body; and then she knew that they ascended a long hill. From this time she had no difficulty in governing whither she was being carried, and a terrible fear came upon her. Finally the horse was stopped, and she was lifted from its back, and borne into a building. She knew that she went through a long hall—that several turns were made—and that she was then

Mark, who had been looking in the same direction.

"Never mind," said Julian. "I think we've served them about well enough. If I am not mistaken, you and I have helped send sundry forty of them to their last account, and I think we've destroyed their head, too. I'm very sure that Dixon Gruniker is dead this time."

"I hope so," responded Mark.

At this point the commander of the barque approached the spot where they stood, and invited them into the cabin, where their story was soon told. He was an Englishman, and bound from Newcastle to Amsterdam. He was ready and willing to do anything in his power for those who had fleet unexpectedly fallen under his protection, but he could not turn back. He might meet with some homeward-bound vessel in which they could return to England, but if he did not, then they must remain with him until some other opportunity should offer.

"Even now," murmured Julian, when he and Mark were alone, "I am not content. Could I be born very blind, but I would see my mother. We have been long gone."

"If we don't meet some home-bound vessel we may be a month or two away," replied the old man.

"Oh! I cannot bear the thought," the youth cried, with deep emotion, "I know I should feel only gratitude; but I am like one saved from drowning, and cast upon a barren coast. The object of my life is not gained. Mark, there is danger between the mountain and Arabian. I feel it in my very soul. There is danger to my mother!"

Mark Warrenton dared not utter a falsehood or palliation at this burst of feeling, and he said nothing in reply, only to hope that some vessel might be met.

And yet days passed—long, tedious days—and Julian Glendower was borne farther and farther from the shores of Old England.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Margaret Glendower mourned for her son with an agony that was not to be alleged. He and Mark Warrenton had been sought for in all directions, notwithstanding the assurance of Sir Nehar that they must have been taken off by the pirates. Blood had been found in the forest path—a large, clotted pool—where a man had been killed, so it was known that there had been a conflict in the wood on the night of their disappearance. Margaret would have gone to Woldhill, but she dared not. Adrian went for her, however, and found inquiries of the people there concerning the lost ones, but nothing was known of them. Sir Thomas professed to be greatly surprised at the occurrence, and promised that he would spare no diligence in his power towards solving the mystery.

One night Margaret sat alone in the front room of the old Manor House, and retired, faint and weary, but Margaret would not go. She sat in the room for a while longer. But she was asked why she watched, she answered, that she might guard the life of her boy. If she was told that there was danger, she only shook her head, and declared that no friend could avert danger the loss of Julian. She sat in her chair, gazing up through the window at the stars, and ere long fell into an uneasy slumber. Presently she heard the rattle of pistol-shots and the clash of arms, and she saw her son defending himself from the group of the dead and dying all about him, and men trying to slay him. She heard him call upon her—she heard him cry, "*Mother! Mother!*" and in an agony of terror she awoke and sprang from her chair. The cry of her boy still sounded in her ear—she was sure she had heard him call upon her—and without further thought she instantly left the door. She drew the bolt and threw it open, and passed out into the hall. She had reached the open yard she stopped and gazed about her. She saw the dim outlines of the buildings, and she saw the dark line of the distant forest, but she could see no living thing. She listened for the tone of her son—called in a low, whispering tone, as though afraid of her own voice—but she received no answer.

"It was but a dream," she said to herself. "And yet I was wide awake, or I never should have risen. I saw it all vividly, and heard his voice as plainly as I ever heard him speak in life. Can it be that my son? my son? why did I bring thee here? I have been dreaming, and for a moment I feared that I could have died for thee! But if thou art gone, thy mother will not linger long behind thee."

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led down a flight of stone steps,at the foot of which she made an abrupt turn, and at a short distance further down another long flight. At the foot of these she was damp and cool. Overhead on her conductor stopped. She heard a heavy door open—she was led a few steps further—and then the men was taken from her head. As soon as she could fairly get her breath she gazed about her. She saw a dark form standing near her—she had no difficulty in making out that it was a man —and in his hand he had a small lantern, which cast a sickly glare over the place, without revealing anything distinctly.

"There's a bed," he said, in a growling tone, which sounded more like an execration from the throat of some brute than like the voice of a human being; "so you can lay down whenever ye like."

"But—sir—in God's name!" gasped the terrified stricken woman, springing forward and seizing him by the arm, "where am I? why am I here?"

"I know'n just nuth'n at all about it," grunted the man shaking her off.

"You know where I am."

"I tell ye I knows just nuth'n. There's yer bed, in the corner. Don't be scared, nor you can, so ye can find it in the dark. Keep off, now—for I know'n nuth'n at all about ye. Ye can't get out."

Thus speaking he gave her a push towards the bed, and then turned quickly from the place. The heavy door was closed and bolted, and Margaret Glendower was alone. She raised her voice to cry about her, but the darkness was impenetrable and stifled. She could see no more with her eyes open than she could with them closed. She remembered where the bed was, and having groped her way to it, he sank down upon it, and wept.

Oh, my soul!" she murmured, clasping her hands upon her throbbing brow, "what must be the end! My boy has gone, and I am now in fellow him. This is the retribution of my own folly!—for I am and I am now to suffer for my own folly!"

She rested her head upon the pillow, and when she had aroused and grieved until nature was exhausted she fell asleep. When she awoke she found that a dim light was struggling into her apartment; and having arisen in a sitting posture, and recalled the events of the past night, she cast her eyes about her. The cell in which she was confined was of solid masonry, though it was damp and white and clean, and a fire was spread upon the floor. The roof was arched, and in the centre of it was an iron grating, through which the light came. There was a small stone table and a chair, and the bed was not only soft and well made, but very clean; and it was evident, from the groves of the sheets, that they could not have been long in the cell. Opposite the foot of the bed was a narrow, arched aperture in the wall, which led to a small stone-room beyond. There was a wooden door fixed in this passage, but it was open.

Margaret Glendower sat thus upon the bed, when she heard the grating of bolts, and presently the door of her cell was opened, and she saw a neat, decent-looking farm girlish into her presence. The door was reclosed, and the girl placed down the bread. The features were thrunk and shrivelled; the square hair white with age; and the countenance, while old, was a very mild and kind one. The girl was about twenty years of age. Her face was pale, and it was plain that she had undergone a long course of mental suffering. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her whole appearance was that of one who had been long and deeply afflicted.

"Good morning, madam," she said, in a gentle tone, which seemed more like a whisper from the throat of some brute than like the voice of a human being; "so you can lay down whenever ye like."

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NIGHT AND THE DESERTER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I might forget her melting prayer
When wild'ring pleasures madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by."

The stars again, the scornful stars! Oh, Heaven,
Why let thy cold lights mock a mourner so?
See how they smile—and I am not forgiven—
They smile, *they smile*—and *she* is sleeping low!

In gloom, in dust—the dark, dark eye's glad splendor,
Dim, dim—the lip's warm crimson chill and pale,
The young, pure *heart*—so tried, so true and tender,
In gloom? in dust? it is a fearful tale!

* * * * * * *

I, the world's idol, I whose praise is ringing
In princely halls above the banquet-wine,
I, on whose shrine young hearts their loves are flinging—
Hearts? *Hers* is dust—and what is earth to mine?

What chills me thus? Ay, this magnolia blossom,
Given by a fair hand in yon bower's dim light—
Like one she prest to her impassioned bosom,
Pledge of the faith—*I* broke! that fatal night.

* * * * * *

I, the world's idol—wherefore do I shiver?
Is not the flush of praises burning yet?
Why gaze I wildly on this lovely river?
They won *her* from its wave—why not forget?

* * * * * * *

Sweet air of night, why is your calmness fearful?
Far skies, why should your silence madden me?
Most splendid stars, how can your spell be tearful?
Winds, do ye truly whisper:—Where is she?

Loved one and lost forever, ay, *forever*—
Years, years ye will not bring her love again—
In time—oh, in—*eternity* I'll never
Gaze on her once—I know my tears are vain.

Is there no peace? Father, heart-broken, lonely,
Bowed with remorse I ask Thee to forgive—
Yes, there is peace—and thou, my God, thou only
Canst bid the dying to look up and live.

THE MORMON'S CHILDREN.

BY THE LAST ONE.

Our mother seemed weary one day. I remember she scarcely smiled or spoke from morning till night. It made the day seem dreary and preternaturally long to have that usually so cheerful and smiling mother go about the house in such a slow and silent way. I was hardly three years old then; but my memory always was remarkable. Sometimes, it seems to me, that I can recollect before I was born—and there is no doubt, no vagueness, about my reminiscence of that day. Many times during its progress did I endeavor with infantile wiles to draw upon myself my mother's attention. Once, while she was gone from the room for a few moments, I climbed upon the bed which stood in the corner, and, stretching myself upon my back, folded my hands upon my breast and shut my eyes as tightly as I could, trying to look as a little playmate of mine had looked when I had seen her a short time before in her coffin.

But my mother did not regard me; and when I became sure, by peeping through my eyelashes, that her attention was too deeply devoted to other things to heed me, I crept softly down to the floor. I know that my little heart was heavy all day; and when it began to grow dark I went and leaned my head against my mother's lap and wept bitterly. She placed her hand upon my head and stroked my hair softly, saying gently but in an absent sort of tone:

"Don't cry, baby, don't cry. There is nothing in the world worth crying for."

She did not take me up; and when I sank to sleep that night it was not, as usual, in my mother's arms. The next morning I was aroused by a loud and lamentable cry.

"Oh! mother, mother, mother, why did you die?" shrieked my sister; and my brother sobbed bitterly beside her.

"Ma! ma! mother! where is she?" I cried, hastily jumping from my low bed.

Marianna, my sister, took me by the hand and dragged, rather than led me into the adjoining chamber, where was our mother lying cold in death.

While we all stood weeping and lamenting over her, our father called out from below—"Clare! Clare! Clare!" Then *he* did not know that she was dead. "Marianna!" next he called; and my sister ran hastily down, Ernest and myself following. "Hasn't your mother got over her tantrums yet?" said my father, as Marianna appeared before him.

"Mother is *dead!*" cried Marianna, with a renewed burst of anguish. "Oh, father, what has killed her?"

"Dead! Surely the child is crazed."

My father looked white with horror, and made but few steps up stairs.

We heard him groan and then he uttered, "Clare, poor Clare!" in a gentle and sorrowful voice.

When he came down his eyes were red, his manner full of uncertainty and trouble.

"What made her die, father?" again questioned my sister.

"I'm sure, my child, I cannot tell. I don't understand women. Your mother got mad at me yesterday morning, because I told her that I had taken another wife. She talked in a very disrespectful way; and I finally ordered her to stop. I told her plainly that if she wished to retain my affection she must not say such things to me, for I would not allow it. I said I should go and stay altogether with Abigail until she became good-natured again, when I should think just as much of her as ever I did. What she has died for I'm sure I don't know."

"I shouldn't think you'd be able to understand it," said Marianna, bitterly. Although but fourteen years old, she had an instinct in her young heart that now taught her much of the cruel truth. "Father, you are a murderer. *You* have killed my mother. Oh! my poor, poor mother—my poor, dear, murdered mother."

Thus wailed Marianna, and Ernest and I added our outcries to hers. Father made no answer, but soon left the house. In about an hour he returned, bringing with him Abigail, whom he had married.

"Help Marianna about what needs to be done," he said to his new wife, and then departed.

"You touch a thing about my mother, or her room, *if you dare!*" said my sister, furiously, when Abigail attempted to do as she had been ordered.

The girl, a pale and slender orphan-girl that we had known ever since we entered Utah Territory, more than a year previous, and one whom my mother had pitied and loved, drew back in affright.

"I did not mean to offend you," she said, gently and humbly.

"Oh! no—of course not. You didn't mean to marry father, either, did you? you mean, hateful thing! But perhaps you wanted mother, who was always your friend, to die. Who knows but what you killed her!" went on Marianna, growing more and more exasperated at her who had been the cause of so much trouble.

Poor Abigail could not endure this, and she broke out into heartfelt lamentations.

"Your father said that your mother would rather he should have me than any one else," she said at last. "He said that he had made up his mind to take another wife, and that he loved me better than anybody but your mother, and he knew that she and I loved each other and should get along very happily. Oh! he made me believe that it was all right and would be all for the best; and somehow I never could help loving him, he is so handsome, and was always so good and kind to me; but I wish now that I'd never seen him. I've a great mind to go and drown myself before he comes home."

My sister's tender feelings began to move in behalf of the unhappy girl, in whom she now saw but a new victim to her father's wicked belief.

"No, don't hurt yourself. You have a right to father now. Love him if you can. *I* never shall. I'll try and treat you well, but you must not touch my mother; and I wish you would go out of my sight while I am here with her."

Abigail withdrew weeping. I remember how my poor sister arrayed our mother for the grave. She had no help save such as Earnest could render, but never was there a lovelier corpse than that of our mother. There were roses in her hair and on her breast. The look of pain had all passed from her fair young features, (our mother was hardly thirty years old when she died,) and she seemed more like a sleeping bride than like one who had died heart-broken. Father would not look upon her after he had seen her on the morning of her death. He never mentioned her name from that day forward. He treated us children with considerable kindness for several years; but as for poor Abigail, it was not long before he found that his heart was quite large enough to take into its affections another wife, and then another, and another. He did not stop until his wives numbered ten. When the first rival entered Abigail's home, she came crying piteously to Marianna, to make her complaint.

Now it was that my sister, with a touch of the old resentment, said,

"Well, miss, now you see how good it is to have your husband taken from you."

"It is all true; but, oh! Marianna, there is trouble near at hand for you. Your father has had an offer for you, and if he accepts it you will have to become the second wife of Herman Gray."

The face of my sister blanched to a deadly white, and then it grew burning red, and the little figure, not yet fifteen years of age, drew up to its utmost hight, and the tiny fist was shaken in the air, while through her teeth Marianna said—

"Never! I will die first."

But the trial did not come then. Herman was not able to purchase so beautiful a girl as my sweet sister was growing.

Abigail told her soon afterwards that my father had expressed his intention of keeping Marianna unmarried until the holy Brigham himself should behold her.

"Then I'll take care to be as big a fright as possible when he looks at me," was my sister's reply to this interesting information.

Abigail and we children were become fast friends and mutual comforters now. She was a kind, truthful, affectionate soul, very winning and interesting in all her ways, and when once we had gained our own consent to loving her at all we loved her very dearly. I do not remember that my father was ever harsh to her. He always seemed fond of her, and to confide in her. When he was sick, too, or in any kind of trouble, it was Abigail only that he wanted with him. And yet he would cut her to the heart by taking to wife any woman that he fancied either for her beauty or for *her stout and strong frame*—for my father secured farm-workers by marrying not by hiring them. Abigail he never allowed to go into the fields to labor any more than he did Marianna and myself. We constituted the gentility of his family; and to our number were added, transiently, such of his new wives as he particularly fancied, or desired to use for pets and playthings for a while. Of course we did not particularly relish these acquisitions to our circle, but what can't be cured must be endured, and we learned to bear it with composure. Usually it was not long before the new bride would be dismissed to out of door privileges; once in a while one would die; but in one instance my father caught a Tartar, who was not so easily disposed of.

She was a tall, full-breasted, and superb creature—beautiful beyond all description, and just as ugly and hateful as she was beautiful.

Marianna even never dared to give her one word of impudence. She came sweeping into our parlor the first time we saw her, with father following meekly behind.

The first thing she did was to turn my sister out of her chair, and the next to order Abigail to give her's to father. Then the two sat down close together, taking no further notice of any of us; and Zaide—for so was the stranger named—leaned towards my father, and laying her head on his breast, looked smilingly up in his eyes, saying, as she slowly raised her jeweled hand to his head—"I am very tired, my dearest, and am glad we are at home. Do you love me, my handsome husband?"

"Do I. How can you ask me such a question?" replied my father in the low and labored tones of intense emotion.

"Then send all these people from the room."

We were all sent out, and we saw neither bride nor bridegroom again that day. Abigail cried all the afternoon, and all the evening; and, for all that I know, all night. The next day she was sick abed all day. Well, this Jezebel reigned triumphant for a whole year. She hated Abigail with the most bitter hatred, because instinctively she felt that there was in my father's heart much respect and tenderness for her. Every way that she could think of she worked to cause her victim to be sent into the fields to labor, and when she found that it was useless to hope for *that* she tormented her all the more in the house.

"Zaide is the most hateful wretch that ever lived," said Ernest energetically. For this exercise of the right of speech father flogged him severely.

Zaide taunted the boy with this, which only made him hate her more deeply than ever. The shameless woman took from us all of our own mother's valuables—her clothes, her jewels, her books, and her silver plate; and when we tried to regain at least a part of it she accused us to our father of being thieves. She declared to him that there was not one of us who would not lie and steal whenever we chose. This was not very agreeable to father, who desired that we might grow up with some few good principles. We three were all the children he had living. To be sure in the three and a half years since our mother's death there had been many children born unto him, but they lived but a short time.

Of Ernest father was especially proud; and truly the boy was one fitted to cause the breast of a parent to swell with emotions of grateful pride.

"Oh!" said Marianna. "Oh! to think that, perhape, he may become such a man as father."

"But I never will," quoth my noble brother "Just as soon as I am large enough I shall take you and Ada, and we will run away from this horrid place, back to our dear New England home where our mother's relatives are. We will tell them all about this wicked way of living, and I know that they will take care of us and never let us come back here any more."

The next day a fresh quarrel broke out between Zaide and Ernest, and neither Abigail nor Marianna were able to quell the boy's passion. Father was gone away, and there was no one who could enforce peace. Zaide had teased and abused the boy beyond all endurance, and now he declared that if she did'nt clear right out of his father's house he'd kill her as dead as a dead dog; and he'd make the dogs eat her too, as they did Jezebel.

Zaide had an iron bar in her great strong hand, and when Ernest made a rush at her to try and push her from the house she gave him a blow on the head which laid him quivering and insensible at her feet. Then she marched off to her room.

When father returned that afternoon it was to find Abigail, my sister, and myself, weeping over our dying Ernest.

"Who has done this?" said our horror-stricken father, gazing upon the ghastly face and open, rolling eyes in which was no more sight.

"Zaide—she has killed him," cried Marianna. "She struck him, and split his head open with that iron bar"—pointing to the weapon which the murderess had left lying upon a chair.

"Where is she?" My father's voice was low. Those ominous low tones that precede the tempest.

"In her chamber," was replied; and with the iron in his hand the vengeful man strode out of our sight.

"Is he going to kill her?" I whispered, fearfully—pulling my pale sister's gown.

"I don't care," said Marianna; "it will be good enough for her if he does."

The gasping of our brother grew momentarily more feeble. A doctor—two of them, had been with him, but they had forbidden us to hope.

Father had been gone from the death chamber about two minutes, when we were startled by sounds which drew us to the door.

He had procured a whip, and having in some way managed to tie up the mouth of Zaide he had led her to the front door of the house, and there, holding both her hands in one of his, he was administering reproof and correction. Whipping her unmercifully over her bare arms and shoulders—"Now go to the field, and remain there. Your lodging is henceforth to be in the field-camp. Let me ever catch you near the house again and *this* is nothing to what you shall receive. Go"—and he gave her a violent push, which sent her stumbling to the fields.

This treatment effectually broke the spirit of Zaide—we were annoyed by her no more.

When he had thus summarily dealt with her, my father came and sat down by the side of his dying boy. He said nothing, but we saw tears falling swiftly to the floor. I think now that he was consciously tasting the bitterness of the foul system to which he had become a convert. But if repentance touched his heart a moment it did not long endure, for our father did not change his course. Ernest died, and was buried by his mother's side. Oh! *they* had gained a secure shelter from the world of life, but Marianna and I remained.

When my sister was about eighteen years of age, and in the full flush of girlish beauty, Brigham Young saw her. He at once demanded her of my father, who pretended to consent, but who really did not intend to allow himself the honor of becoming father-in-law to the great ruler. Brigham did not think it necessary always to even pretend to pay for his wives; and when he did agree to do so he seldom, if ever, fulfilled his agreement.

My father had other views for Marianna.

"Oh, Marianna!" cried Abigail to my sister, as she met her one day, "your fate is sealed now. Your father has sold you for a very large sum to Dumas Pelico, the man who has been so insolent about staring at you so many times. Do you remember him?"

"Yes," gasped my poor sister.

"*Sold*, did you say? Is it already done?"

"Yes, dear. Your father told me so to-day, and said that I must tell you, and make you put on your best looks, for the man is coming to see you to-night."

"The *monster!* He is a demon and not a man! Will he take me when he has already five wives? I heard some one say that Pelico had five wives, and that he whips them all. And has my *father* sold me to this wretch? Oh, Abigail, can it be possible?"

"You forget, Marianna, that your father does the same thing. He buys other men's daughters, and of course he will sell his own. He thinks it is a very good match for you. He says the man is a thousand times more agreeable than Brigham; and he is rich besides. He has promised to keep you easily, and do all that he can to make you happy."

"I will see how much he will do to make me happy," said Marianna.

When she met the man she tried to suppress all outward signs of the loathing which she felt. She wept before him, and in gentle, maidenly words besought him that he would not force her away from her father's home. But the fair girl's distress only increased his desire to get her into his own power. He had not intended to take her with him at once, but after having seen her, and spoken with her, he decided that she must return with him that very night. He did not, however, say so at once, but laughing a little at her earnest plea, and lifting her hand to his lips, he said:

"My dear, little innocent, do you imagine that your father would refund the price which I paid for you if I were to yield to your whim?"

Marianna turned very pale at this question. She knew that her father would not refund it. She saw that her doom was sealed.

She kept silence so long that Dumas wondered what she was thinking of. He attempted to embrace her; but she sprang from him shuddering, and rushed to the door. Her father at that moment opened it to enter. The poor girl darted past him, and up stairs to Abigail.

"Oh, kill me! kill me! Abigail," she cried. "Never let them tear me from you alive!"

"You must try to feel more resigned, my dear. You must try to love the man. It must be horrible to have to marry a man one don't love!" and Abigail shuddered as violently almost as did my poor sister.

Meantime Dumas was making known his desire to take Marianna with him that night. My father, fearing that Brigham might send for her, consented, on condition that Dumas should allow himself to be charged with abduction, in order to break the force of Brigham's anger against himself. All was arranged in a few minutes; and then father came up for Marianna. She clung frantically to Abigail, and it was only by force that she could be removed.

"I hate you, I hate you," she cried to Dumas, and was fairly convulsed when he touched her. Her shrieks and ravings were agonizing to bear. The sound of them will never leave my ears. Dumas gained her indeed, but it was a sorry triumph that he had, for it was but a raving maniac that he carried to his home. My poor sister was not one who could be ruled by force. He could do nothing with her. She resisted his slightest approach; she would not speak a pleasant word to him. If he tried to subdue her by severity she only raved the more; if he tried to coax her she was no more to be won. My father called to see them the next day, but he did not feel like staying long. Marianna had been violently insane all night; and when she saw father she cried out to him that he was her mother's murderer, and that the life of her brother, and also her own life, would be required at his hands.

"Do the best with her that you can," said my father to Dumas, as he departed. "She always was a self-willed and high-strung piece; but I must confess, I had no idea of this."

Dumas was gloomy enough over his bargain, but for some reason he forbore to reproach my father with the high price he had paid for a troublesome article.

Poor Marianna was deeply drugged at last; and when she was allowed to escape from this influence, and to go in and out as she chose, she walked out one evening about dusk, and was not seen again until her body was discovered in a pond at some distance from any house. My wretched sister had chosen to end her sorrows by suicide.

I was now the last remaining child of my mother. Hitherto no personal trouble had befallen me. I had been kindly treated by everybody. But I was now verging towards womanhood, and Abigail warned me that the wolf was on my track—that my father was about to sell me to a villanous old wretch who already had eight wives. But before his scheme was carried out, my father suddenly died—poisoned, as we all thought, by Zaide, who had never forgiven the disgrace inflicted upon her.

Abigail and I then resolved to escape, which we finally did, after many trials, and reached our dear New England home. My mother's relatives received me with love and blessings; and with them I hope to spend my days in Christian happiness and civilized comfort.

KISSING.

Humid seal of soft affection,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexion,
Love's first snow-drop—Virgin Kiss!

When Wesley was once reproached for the application of some popular tune to a sacred hymn, he replied, that surely they would not have him leave all the good music to the devil! In the spirit of this great man it might be recommended that, if there be a giddy vagrant abroad, corrupted in his time by evil communication, with some touch of virtue in his nature, and once the friend and companion of all the gentle deities that strewed the path of matrimony with flowers, it should be attempted to recall him to the circle of his ancient friends. We know not but that, by the force of example and timely admonitions, the conversion of that gay prodigal—the Kiss—may be compassed; and if his immediate recantation be a blessing not to be expected, at least we are not precluded from venturing to put him upon reflection, and awaken him to a useful sense of his danger, by briefly calling to his mind the leading events of his past career.

Kissing was an act of religion in ancient Rome. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration. Spenser, in his Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, mentions it as a circumstance which renders the loss of his illustrious friend more to be lamented, that—

"None was nigh, his eye-lids up to close,
And *kiss his lips*."

A little after, he introduces the lady, "the dearest love" of the deceased, weeping over him:

"She with *sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath*
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft."

The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable amongst the Romans for a long time. At length it was degraded into a current form of salutation. Pliny ascribes the introduction of the custom to the degeneracy of the Roman ladies, who, in violation of the hereditary delicacy of the females of Rome, descended to the indulgence of wine. Kissing was resorted to by those gentle, "good easy" husbands (who knew better than to risk the tumbling of the house about their ears), as the most effectual and courteous process to ascertain the quality of their wives' stolen libations; and Cato the Elder recommends the plan to the serious attention of all careful heads of families. The kiss was, in process of time, diffused generally as a form of salutation in Rome, where men testified their regard and the warmth of their welcome for each other, chiefly by the number of their kisses.

It was allowed sometimes, in the case of an inferior to one above him, to kiss the right hand—a custom which is remarkably recognized to this day amongst the Spaniards in their letters. Amongst the early Christians, the kiss of peace was a sacred ceremony, observed upon their most solemn occasions. It was called *signaculum orationis*—the seal of prayer; and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the Church required, as an essential condition, before any one was admitted to the sacraments. The Roman civilians, at length, took the kiss under their protection. Their code has defined, with exquisite accuracy, the nature, limits, incidents, &c., of the *Right of Kissing*: although we do not find that this sort of property holds a place amongst the incorporeal hereditaments of our own laws. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing; and if the husband elect broke the engagement, repenting of what he had done, he surrendered a moiety of the presents received in the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss!

In much later times the kiss was esteemed to be a ceremony of particular obligation, as could be shewn in a thousand instances. The gentle Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract by a kiss.

"JULIA.—And seal the bargain with a *holy kiss*."

The same lady seems to entertain a high estimate of the efficacy of a kiss; for in the throes of her remorse, a little before, for having torn into fragments the love-letter of Proteus, she hits upon the following expedient:

"JULIA.—I'll *kiss* each several paper for amends."

Not satisfied, however, with this act of compunction, and opining that a kiss is the "sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise," she thus apostrophizes her absent lover:

"My bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd,
And thus I search it with a *sovereign kiss*."

Nor ought we to be surprised at the veneration which has been universally allowed to the ceremony of kissing, when we remember the important functions which devolve upon the lips in the economy of the human face. It is true they have not been thought worthy of a place in coats of armor, like the eyes, or raised to a level with the nose and ears, which have, ere now, been the objects of much costly decoration: but they form that privileged feature which represents, in their turn, the three most ennobling gifts of our nature—prophecy, poetry, and eloquence. The words "his lips were touched with fire," familiarly express the power of prophecy.

It would be an useless piece of industry to collect here the thousand elaborate and ingenious things which poets old and young, ancient and modern, have wrought into the description of a kiss. The choice of all the sweet-scented flowers, and the most approved juices, whether for their gratefulness to the taste or the smell, have been from time to time defrauded of their exquisite properties in favor of some particular class of kisses, to which the following one I suppose belongs:

"'Tis every aromatic breeze
Wafted from Afric's spicy trees,
'Tis honey from the osier hive,
Which chemist bees with care derive,
From all the newly open'd flowers."

It is no unfavorable step towards the acquisition of better habits in future, that the kiss has been emancipated from the iron dominion of the law. The gallant, gay creation of France has done this for the world; but, as it will be the case in revolutions of all kinds, the advantage of the change has been hurt by some abuses. The ingenious Montaigne indeed deeply deplores the diffusion of the spirit of kissing in France, because he thinks the prevalence of that custom takes away from the grace and favor of a kiss, and complains of the hard fate to which ladies are exposed, in being obliged to lend their lips to every one with the appearance of a gentleman. "As for our parts," he adds, "we are no gainers by it, for, to take the sex in general, for three pretty girls we must kiss fifty ugly ones, and to a squeamish stomach like mine, a bad kiss will not compensate for a good one." The last instance in which the kiss formed the subject of serious regulation belongs to a barbarous people. The Empress Catherine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules for maintaining the decency of those assemblies, she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from, or strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of exclusion."

PET WOLVES, FAWNS, &c.

The Missouri boatmen must always have a pet or two on board, and I got into the way of keeping them when I commanded steamboats there. But I need not say that the practice began with me there; for, while I was a boy in Connecticut, I often used to go to school with a flying-squirrel in my bosom and a tame bird on my shoulder. In a Missouri boat a bear, a wolf or a fawn will often be met with; and the sailors will deny themselves privileges, to procure for them what they think they like, and are ready to fight in their defense, or to expose themselves to drowning to save their lives. But such pets are always, first or last, the causes or occasions of some inconvenience or vexation, which counterbalances the amusement they afford. A deer is capable of doing things of which they would never be suspected by one unacquainted with their whole nature; and a wolf, after being domesticated to the utmost degree, will sooner or later show that his nature is unchanged, and that he is a wolf still.

I shot an old wolf one day, in the western part of Missouri, which had five cubs. I took home one of them, and he lived about the house for months, without offending any of the rules of good manners. After a time I took him to the Eastern States, where he was joyfully received in the family of a friend, and for some weeks made himself an agreeable inmate. But one morning I was called from my room by loud cries from all the family. Hurrying below, I found the master of the house on one table, his wife on another, and the children on shelves and in cupboards, all in the greatest terror and confusion, while my wolf had free range about the floor, and was running about, snarling and snapping at them in succession. At the first sound of my voice he stopped and sunk down, crouching like a whipped dog, and then crawled up towards me, looking at me with the most pitiable expression imaginable, and then licking my feet. I did all I could to persuade my friend that this was a very rare case; that it was the first with that animal, and that he had had no worse end in view than to give them a little fright. I indeed persuaded him to keep the animal longer for the amusement of his children, and to verify my declarations; but it was not very long after my departure that I heard the wolf had repeated the same trick, and been shot by his master.

A fawn, although so graceful and beautiful an animal, and apparently so kind and innocent, is even more full of disagreeable tricks, when domesticated, than a wolf or a bear. If a fawn is kept as a pet on board a steamboat, not a boat can leave it, but he will jump into it if he can. If he falls into the water in the attempt, he will be very likely to swim after it, and dexterously throw himself into the boat, and then leap and jump about in such a manner, as to produce confusion. A man can hardly manage an oar, or keep his seat on the thwart. Sometimes most ludicrous scenes occur from the strange tricks of this graceful and sprightly animal, on land as well as on the water. Fawns have a remarkable fondness for beds; and, on every occasion, when allowed, will spring upon them, and trample, and lie down, as if delighted with their softness. I was one morning lying asleep in my room, when a servant accidentally left the door open, and my pet fawn came in and jumped upon me. His sharp hoofs hurt me, so that the pain instantly woke me, and I made an effort to rise before I stopped to see what was the matter. But the little animal had thrown his body across my own, in such a manner that I could not easily raise him, being impeded by the bed clothes. His sharp hoofs continued to stick into my flesh, and I suffered an amount of pain and trouble from the pestilent little fellow, both then and for some time after, which I once should have thought impossible to be inflicted by so gentle and innocent looking a creature.

T. D.

A DESPICABLE TRAIT.

There is, we fear, a certain malignity in human nature, which derives gratification from depreciating whatever is great and exalted above the common standard. Hence it is that living excellence has always to encounter such a host of detractors, who deny its existence, as long as denial is possible, equivocate when they can no longer deny, and, if shamed at last into a tardy acknowledgment, take care to season their recognition with some qualifying clauses, that shall furnish a future opportunity of again reducing the object of their jealousy to the same level with themselves.

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THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

There is an irresistible power in the present age, which creates error and absurdity wherever it finds a vacuum with them. But it is also the surest measure of an innovation, but is received and rejected as the reverse. The spread of Gospels and the practical intercourse of nations, are the present lobby-destroyers over invention. They sift, Tack catches the inflation, and is ambitious to share in the general upspringing. As rapidly as man has discovered individual rights and comforts, tyranny and enslavement have ceased. The influence of civilization is now dashing upon the Russian and Armadas, for planning to the cottage of the Greek it teaches him that there is something of oppression are his enemies, however much they may aggrandize the nation to which he belongs. They may defend him against an outward foe, but at the same time they will turn whips and trample out his substance and life, if the need be.

The most beautiful thing in the spirit of the age, is the individual discernment which it manifests—and it has abolished the phrase "poor devils," for recognizing that there are no human devils. Man and his wants are the touch-stone of modern philosophy—the old regime recognized nothing but the nation, and chiefly its head at that. As the circle of light widens, the controversy of thought, custom and habits, grow more general, and the world assumes and enjoys itself in proportion. Strange how progress has made itself felt, when caste and creed were the strongest. Yankee clocks in Egypt and Yankee iron and rum-bought slaves in Africa and China, are simple but expressive signs of what humanity is coming to. Even Rome, the old "mistress of the world," has dropped her ancient habits and almost adopted the common-sense measure—the public clock. Thus do the nations assimilate.

We had before us not long since a copy of the "Roma Advertiser," a weekly journal published in English, in the city of Rome. The introduction of such a fact a century ago, would have fallen on a halo on the sun. But the Bible is now in the cradle and grave of the Cæsars, whose ancient habitations were sacrificed on the altars of Jesus with Protestan swords, who so impious as to have prejudged the regular issue of a newspaper printed in the language of a race once the barbarous vassals of Rome. But thus it is. The glorious progressive spirit of our age, whose mighty results are Sabbaths language and Scripture, aims at conquests greater than that of the Roman Empire. All pale barriers, it lethgies the Pontine marshes and threatens to voice at the very gates of the Vatican. God speed so beneficent a spirit, and may its triumphs come not until universal man is illumined and rejoiced thereby.

DWARFS!

The world is full of dwarfs—mental and moral dwarfs. Yes, even in this, the freest country between the sea, we meet on them at every corner. With all our present means of intellectual and moral development, the dwarfs of mind are not only not partial to look upon! And they are almost such by no lack of their own. Under auspicious the most unfavorable, with stars of evil omen lighting their advent—their childhood passed in narrow, ill-ventilated houses, and filled with crime, and all manner of evil communications—with nothing to call out the higher and holier aspirations of their soul and the heart, but with everything to repress and deaden them, while nothing seemed more calculated to grow into outward forms of monstrosity—what could be expected but dwarfs of the mind and soul?

Now and then, we encounter a great soul which has been developed in spite of all these fearful drawbacks such as we have been describing. But, in struggling up from adversity, as they have done, unaided, these great souls have not only not gone the general rule under whose workings the dwarfs in mind and soul have been made.

It is a deep reproach to the age, with all the immense resources around it, and the universal theory of equality of birthright to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that these dwarfs are the generators of social life. There should be close moral arrangements in the whole scope of the world, whereby opportunities for fullest development of mind and heart, as well as of body, would be actually afforded to every child that is born. There should be no such thing as a dwarf for lack of them!

MARRYING TITLES.

Shall we ever have done with bunning counts and barons, and their intrigues with foolish girls and stupid parents? How many of our "ladies" born independent freemoners" are mad for titular distinction. Credulous a bogus omnibuses before their eyes, and they are at once enchanted, and can be led anywhere and into anything by the solicitous charmer. We do not pity any intelligent daughter or mother who loses her gilded bauble, and gets caught by a disreputable adventurer. They ought to know better.

WEBSTER AND JEFFERSON'S OPINION.

Perhaps the names of Webster and Jefferson, more than any others in our history, stand out as the representatives of principles which have divided political parties in this country. Neither was ever accused of religious bigotry; one of them, indeed, has been charged as the advocate of skeptical opinions. The views of each men in great moral or religious questions must be deemed impartial, and should have influence with all classes. They may, at least, be received as the second best of those who affect great sympathy for "the poor," while they denounce "the poor man's party," and all who believed it.

In a letter written from Marblehil, June 13, 1822, to Prof. Ticnor, the great statesman adds to his own views some reminiscences of historic interest respecting an interview with Mr. Jefferson, for which our readers will thank us.

"The Sabbath school," writes Mr. Webster, "is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution it is precious, and has done more to preserve our liberties than great statesmen and great soldiers. Let it be fostered and preserved until the end of time!

"I once dedicated an hour to Mr. Jefferson, the awful sense of murder. At the conclusion of the visit, I asked him what could believe him to state his heads with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his blackish eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, 'Mr. Webster, *as my youth I gave the holy Sabbath as an amusement, instead of a peace*' day, I have lived to consider it a curse.' We go back to the early years of hardened criminals; believe, you, found their ruin in the fact that they were from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sabbath-school, and their crimes can often be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

"Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the day, the mood of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked, 'How sweetly how very pleasing sounds that Sabbath bell!' The distinguished philosopher looked serious for a few moments, and then replied, 'Yes, my dear Webster,—*yes, it sounds the knell of parting day*.' I observed that man was only an animal formed for religious worship, and that, notwithstanding all the sophistry of Hume, Voltaire and Volney, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as immovable as truth itself. But, alas! in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eye toward immortality, and the day of rest has echoed the general sentiment of our nature observed that all men, more or less, were prone to smiles at the dream dagger; and defies the point.

"Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the Sabbath-school, as a religious and civil institution, was a different direction, and that Sunday-schools presented the only legitimate means, under the Constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the Jewish republic was wrecked. 'Sir,' he added, 'I never uttered a more important truth than when I declared that *eternal vigilance is the price of liberty*.' Indeed, I am fully convinced

PLAIN, AT LAST.

BY ALICE CARY.

This life had done its best for me
The day I took her to my heart;
Then said I, if day will it be,
Lord, I am ready to depart.

But Time refused to slip his chains
Because we met my pretty one;
I looked to her through all my years
As through a shadow to the sun.

My soul grew younger in her youth—
She was my priest, my household light,
And hung upon my age, in truth,
Like evening on the skirts of night.

I did not mind the dreary sloth
Of weary weather, all the while
Her lips on prodigally made
Sunshine about us with their smile.

Twin violets by a shady brook
When late we grew—their modest eyes
Were to a rainy moonlight look
Of tangled tears and tenderness.

If ever our threshold crossed, she feigned
A welcome since her truth is proven,
And on my frosty evening rained
The rosy daybreak of her love.

Her little white hands had a knack
Persuasive as love—forgive me that,
Who think so I praise her over much—
She cannot hear my praises now.

The hope of years was some stress
Whereon those fingers hung their hands;
When birds with singing weary sat
And pulse and heart fell up their beats.

Beauty of little ones: the grace
That grew so green about the sand
Of her young feet, and the bright face
Bent down and shining to the end.

Twas dark an hour before the night,
She said; we drove the mists up with,
Then with a flame of tender white
She fed out into world dawn, she died:

And memories met in gracious calm—
Love's sweet confluence, sorrow, pain—
We lifted both of us like hands
Raised skyward goodness—all was plain.

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXI.—CONTINUED.

"The Christian prisoner!" added the speaker, pausing for an instant opposite the wound door. "In ten days the scores will be as its fell, and the festival of the goddess; then shall the sacrifice be accomplished."

We scarcely need inform our readers that the captive to whom the hoary bigot referred was no other than their old acquaintance, Caleb, who had fallen into his power on the night he watched the proceedings of the chief Brahmin and Al Moorad in the garden of the temple near Calcutta.

The cell to which Nadir conducted his guests proved to be considerably larger than the rest, and was furnished with a low divan running round three sides of it. Upon this the old man seated himself, and motioned to them to take their places beside him.

The politeness mattered something about food, but hitherto was unheeded, for he had appeased slowed in prayer. When he had concluded, he clapped his hands sharply, the usual mode of summoning attendants in the East, and a number of grooms entered, bearing trays, on which were piled fruits and cakes.

During the repast, Nadir sat apart. He was of far too high a caste to risk pollution by partaking of the same food with his confederates. When they had concluded, he commanded the torpedo-boy had taken from to be broken in his presence.

The soldier and the yellow magicians were conducted to a place of repose.

"Is this your promise, father?" said Al Moorad, in a reproachful accent, as soon as they were alone.

"What promise?"

"That Lillian should be in my power. Instead at which her accursed countrymen have made themselves masters of the temple. We are, or soon shall be in them."

"Youth is impatient," observed the Brahmin, drily.

"And age deceitful," retorted the banker. "Frown as you will; I know that I am in your hands, but I also know that my services are indispensable to the success of the scheme you have so much at heart. I am one of the keystones of the great confederacy—the agent of which employed intrigues, who hold the balance of success or failure."

"Am I omnipotent?" demanded the old man, without the slightest indication of anger at the assessment. "Can I foretell the hour or the manner in which the goddess will manifest her power, and place the Christian maiden in your power? But that she will ascend to Heaven I swear!; *she is already within her temple!*"

"And her countrymen with her," replied his confederate, impatiently.

"Have we not the means of vanishing their proceedings?" continued Nadir. "What is to prevent our seizing some favorable occasion, and bearing her to this retreat secretly?"

The anger of his guest gradually cooled at this suggestion.

"Accomplish that," he exclaimed, "and, hand and brain—heart and soul—you shall find me devoted to its cause."

"I would rather the motive were a purer one," observed the priest; "but still, in either hands, without alloy—the jewel-cup of Jamreed was not a jewel of price."

"I hire!" answered Al Moorad.

"A Christian!" he muttered the Brahmin, with a sneer.

"Still, I love."

His head repeated the word in a tone of cold distain.

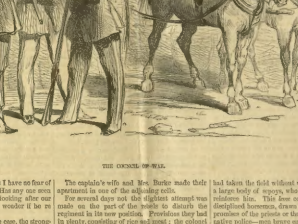
"I have no sympathy," he added, "with the ills passion; neither can I comprehend the weakness which would mind the slave of another. She is a daughter of that race whose arts have uprooted the hundred thrones of India—insulted our faith, destroyed our laws; and, I assume accident has melded her features in a pleasing form and her skin is fairer than the daughters of the people who worship her."

"It is my fate," replied Al Moorad, gloomily. "Say, rather, your frown," muttered the old man, bitterly. "But I will concur with you on this theme no more. Mutinies will enable her victory to redeem the pledge he has made."

On retiring to the cell Nadir had directed to be prepared for him, the banker recognized, to his surprise and discomfort, the corpse of groom formerly in the service of one hero. The superstitious reverence of the Hindoo boy for the chief Brahmin had aided in his toward the sentiment of gratitude, at least for a while, and the old man, pleased with his devotion, had received him into the temple.

"He accuses me of madness," thought Al Moorad, alluding to his host. "His own blind confidence may yet betray us!"

For many hours after the successful attempt to take possession of the temple by the Sikh, both officers and men were busily occupied in expelling, not only the priestly inmates but every native who had taken shelter within its walls. The victors discovered to their satisfaction, not only that the place was amply supplied with provisions, but with excellent water from several wells cut in the solid rock. Had it been equally well supplied with ammunition and guns of heavy metal, its possessors might have held out against any force the treacherous rajah could send against them.



THE ORDEAL OF WAR.

As the friends and numerous servitors of the goddess were driven forth, they indulged in impotent curses against the traitors, who either listened to them with philosophic indifference, or replied by urging their informing steps with the flat of their sabres.

Whilst the expulsion of the Hindoos was being carried out, Lady Bell and her companions remained sealed in the cottage, guarded by half a dozen disciplined troopers and Prid the Mute.

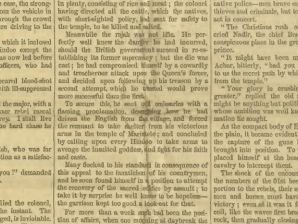
The features of the young officer, though blackened by smoke and carnage, had resumed their usual self possession; terror and mental agony no longer agitated him, and his voice sounded cheerfully as he congratulated her ladyship and Lillian upon their safety.

"It is safety," replied Lillian, looking round her with a faint smile.

"At least, *for the present*," observed her protectress, with a glance at the corset, which remained him of his promise.

"The worst is past now, I trust," he said, in a low tone.

"To me sure it is," exclaimed Mrs. Burke, who during the retreat through the fiery jungle, had maintained the utmost coolness and presence of



mind, "Although I am not a believer in the Hindoo superstitions, I am not without my fears that the goddess will be angry with us for driving her priests out of her temple."

"Let her punish us if she will," said Lillian, looking round her with a faint smile.

"At least, *for the present*," observed her protectress, with a glance at the corset, which remained him of his promise.

"The worst is past now, I trust," he said, in a low tone.

"To me sure it is," exclaimed Mrs. Burke, who during the retreat through the fiery jungle, had maintained the utmost coolness and presence of

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

about quitting the scene or their charitable labors to snatch a few hours' repose.

As they passed before the pallets of the sufferers, many a ball-attired group of sojourners was surprised or changed to blessings on their heads. Even, rough men had felt the hallowing influence of woman's presence and woman's sympathy.

Just as the wife of Mark Rayner reached the door of the temporary hospital, she heard the pause pronounced to a tone of mingled energy and despair. It proceeded from the delirious sympathizer, Sanders, who was dangerously, if not mortally, wounded, for, in addition to a fearful injury on the sword-arm, a musket-ball had penetrated his lungs, and the internal hemorrhage was alarming.

"Don't leave me, Rose," he murmured, as she bent over him; "don't leave me in this horrible place to die alone."

"I will but speak a few words with my lady," replied the kind-hearted woman, forgetting, at the sight of his ghastly features and the agony which distorted them, her own dislike to him, and the evil influence he had exercised over Mark, "and then return."

"*Don't be long*——"

The fit of coughing which followed, and the rifling of the blood in his throat, prevented Sanders from completing the sentence, but the imploring expression of his eyes explained the rest.

In a few minutes Rose returned and seated herself at the side of her pallet. The dying man grasped her hand convulsively, as if in preparation for quitting him.

"You can do him no good," observed the doctor, "by considering him, and had better follow your mistress. The toll of the day has fatigued you enough already."

"I must have some one to watch by me," said Sanders, speaking with difficulty, and in a shocking —shocking——"

"One of your comrades can do that."

"I'll have Rose—no one but Rose—or—she knows what I mean. You may stay," added the wounded soldier, "but I am under no command now. I am dying—I feel that I am—I know it."

"I permit me to remain, sir," whispered Rose, "I mean—I have a motive."

"Is it no prison," answered Burke; "but I fear that you are hazing yourself beyond your strength."

"You hear what the doctor says," observed Rose, soothingly; "release my hand—you hurt me;" besides, I can then attend to you much better."

"And you will not quit me?"

"No; I promise."

Sanders shortly relaxed his grasp, observing, as he did so, that he could trust her word, for she always spoke the truth.

"Would I had done the same!" he added, in a scarcely audible tone; "would I had done the same!"

In the hope of lessening the sufferings of the dying man, Rose directed her self to the task of attention to bring her a cruse or two of rice straw, and an additional blanket; with these she contrived to make the hard pallet on which he had been placed a little more bearable than what he afforded him most relief was the propping up of his head and chest. The blood no longer threatened to choke him.

"I can breathe better now" he murmured, as Mark pressed a drink to his lips.

For some time the speaker appeared buried in profound reflection, and his manner, trusting that a sense of the errors of his past life, and the awful account he must soon give before the judgment seat on high, occupied his thoughts, knelt by his side, and in a low, gentle tone began to pray.

There was little eloquence and still less learning in the supplications, but they were sincere and fervent, and they, in their very weakness, and beautiful in their simplicity, touched a deeper chord than were the most finished prayers that ever were uttered by those clothed in the grandeur of high-sounding phrase.

God loves simplicity, and listens the car to the heart, not the words of those who address him.

At the sound of her voice the dying man became restless again, and made a faint sign with his hand for her to cease.

"Don't pray," he muttered, "don't pray; it's of no use; there is no forgiveness for such a life as mine!"

"There is forgiveness for all," answered the woman, meekly, "who ask it in a humble spirit, and with a contrite heart."

"Ah! but you don't know."

"What?"

"Nothing! nothing!"

Here Sanders pressed his lips firmly together, as if to prevent the words which hovered on them from escaping.

Having in her simple prayer, spoken of the mercy which the justly offended Creator shown to fear repentance, Rose did not touched upon the terror of His judgments on the hardened sinner.

The sufferer, who listened to her, forgot the agony of his wounds—even now in the midst of deeper pangs of an awakened conscience.

"Shall I read to you?" asked the wife of Mark Rayner, at the same time opening her pocket Bible.

"Not from that book! not from that!" cried Sanders; "it hears witness, it will witness against me. I will confess all," he added, with a sudden effort; "where is your husband?"

"You know that he is absent on the forlorn hope of covering rallies of our position to General Anson. I shall see him again," she added, with a burst of sorrow.

"Good!" said the dying man; "—dead, perhaps —well, well, it could do him no good now."

And he relapsed into his former moody silence.

A hope of his future soul had entered his mind —flashed upon the divided Rose.

Sanders' ear caught it, sounding by the side of his pallet, "if you have anything to confess which may clear my husband of the horrid charge which hangs over him—which has driven us both to exile, exiled us from our native country—do not bear the secret with you to the grave. We were children together," she added; "our parents lie side by side in the churchyard where we have so often played together. Feel for my agony—for Mark's disgrace."

Tears interrupted her words—she could make no further appeal, but managed to suppress every groan and impiously on those of the dying man.

What good will it do to confess," replied the man, "since you will never see Mark again?"

"It will clear his good name," sobbed the wife.

"And blacken mine," added Sanders, bitterly. "No, no, they think badly enough of me at St. Faith's already."

It was in vain that Rose entreated him to relent —he fit of short-lived repentance had passed away.

Dr. Burke, who had overheard every word that passed, now approached the bedside of the patient, and placed his finger upon his pulse.

"Sanders," he said, "you have but half an hour to live."

The words were coolly but ingenerally uttered, and fell upon the ears of the members of your Springthorpe with terrible distinctness.

"It is but a brief space of time," continued the speaker, "to make your peace with God, to atone the errors of a misspent life. Let me warn you not to trifle with it. The judgment which follows death is far more terrible than death itself."

Then fell upon the soul of the guilty man a darkness far more appalling than the shadow of the grave. Despair—the darkness of despair. Grasping the hand of Rose, he entreated her, with frantic earnestness, to remain by his side, and to recollect his childhood's prayer; but the inflicting spirit was for a while denied him.

"I cannot pray," he groaned—"words are denied me."

"And will be till you have made atonement," observed the doctor; "warn—alone—that, thou canst not wrestle with thy Maker."

"I will confess!" shrieked the affrighted wretch. "I am going! the blood is rising to my throat again. Mark is innocent of the life of Springthorpe miller was the hand that fired the fatal shot."

The divested, long-enduring wife sank upon her knees in a transport of joy and gratitude.

"Now the secret is out," added the dying man, and he suffered me, I will die easier."

"How came a lad from the Bible Lady Bootham's school and grown up to be used as cudgel to your gun?" gently inquired Rose.

"I was paid for it," he mutters faintly. "I say as well tell you everything. You recollect," he added, after his request had been complied with, "that I called at your cottage on New Year's eve?"

"Perfectly well."

"And that you called Mark into your chamber to persuade him not to leave the house with me? I had ruffled my temper, and was quarrelling with him—I guessed what you were saying—a paper dropped from your vest. The Evil One put it into my head, I suppose. I saw your Bible lying on the drawer—I saw a leaf out of it, and tore it up and pocketed it."

"That fatal leaf!" said Rose, "placed my husband's life in peril, and—and—I am afraid, sir, was the cause of your death."

"Not quite," answered Burke; "but I fear that you are hazing yourself beyond your strength."

"You hear what the doctor says," observed Rose, soothingly; "release my hand—you hurt me; besides, I can then attend to you much better."

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Dr. Burke, who had overheard every word that passed, now approached the bedside of the patient, and placed his finger upon his pulse.

"Sanders," he said, "you have but half an hour to live."

"Do not alarm yourself needlessly, Bell," replied Sir Charles, assuming a confidence he was far from feeling; "every rank shall be explored."

"Ah! Sir Charles," said the poet of the officers who were unwounded, were roused, and all joined eagerly in seeking the lost girl. Not a nook or cell which the trembling fugitive could possibly fill was left unsearched, so uncertain if she had fallen into one of these, and, we need not say, with the same result.

Men and officers looked inquiringly into each other's faces, as if there to read a clue to the mystery of her disappearance. The general impression was evident there was either a traitor amongst them, or that the entity possessed some means of access to the temple known only to themselves.

The baronet and his wife were bewildered with grief.

"Poor Richard!" murmured the former; "who shall tell him this?"

At the same of his friend, Fred Wharton, who had been one of the most active in the search, could not suppress a groan of anguish.

"There must be treason somewhere," he exclaimed, passionately.

"I will answer for the man as for myself," observed Sir Charles, "and I would not have you or would have exited his life a hundred times in her defense. Search on, sir, the mystery is inexplicable."

"I am puzzled, Wharton," said Lady Bell, clasping the young soldier convulsively by the hand, "but you must not doubt Anne and either Lilian nor myself first doubt shall fall into the hands of our enemies. Forgive me," she added, seeing how deeply the young man had pained him; "I am certain Anne has made me; but—you will even her—you will find her."

"I would give my life to redeem or to avenge her," replied the young officer, fervently; "but we must—only a moment to collect my thoughts," he added, hastily. "You both retired at the same hour last night?"

"We did."

"And slept within the sanctuary?"

"Yes."

"Were the gates barred as usual?"

"I closed and fastened them myself," replied Lady Bell, "and Lilian's watch walked by them."

"Then Lillian must have withdrawn the bolt," observed Sir Charles, "and some infernal treachery has been used to draw her from the place."

The men and officers who unwounded were proceeded to the spot where the lost one had slept. Vainly they sought for a clue to the mystery of her disappearance. Not the slightest appearance of any other had been made in the room than what existed before. The altar and statue underwent the same scrutiny. Both appeared carved from a single stone, and their solidity would discard suspicion.

"Lost!" murmured Lady Bell, throwing herself into a chair, overcome by long-suffering. "Lost!"

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Sir Charles Fourcou shook his head mournfully, and could not stare the melancholy conviction on the young soldier.

The mysterious disappearance of one so generally beloved, dimmed the joy of the hardly won victory. It cast a shade of the gathest and deepest hand fast regarded the loss, and sympathized with the sufferers. Even Sanderson, who had been unhearted with, who mourned for the helpless girl as deeply as if she had been the offspring of their own loins, was one of the child of their adoption.

Poor Rose shared in their affliction. It was a grief which she had long been accustomed to, and Providence seemed to have dispelled the cloud which had so long hung over her husband. Fortunately, that strong feeling of religion which is given to those who believe the way, remained and settled her to impart consolation where it was most needed.

But for Marie Philidrenon, his wrath knew no bounds. At one moment he suspected the fidelity of his men, the next, that of his own, suddenly his conviction in their loyalty, and promised more rewards than his purse could afford, he found that

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHICH IS THE HEIRESS?

OR HOW FRANK HARRISON WAS MADE TO SMART.

BY MATT C. VANDALL.

"Harrison," said Judge Parkman, to his young lawyer, "you will oblige me with a message for you, this morning. Her compliments, and she would be happy to see you this evening. She has a little business to transact with you, which she and she looks to you to gallant them about. One of them is an old friend, Mr. Hamilton, and as there's a pretty good chance for you, Master Frank, if you will be sent to find it out."

"I shall certainly accept Mrs. Parkman's invitation, and do myself the honor of calling for a quest to her this evening." Frank Harrison replied; "but you know, Judge, that I have never yet had the slightest glimpse of the two young ladies, or, at any rate, and should be loath to act up my acquaintance on the brief of an hour's call. I must be most happy to pay any attention in my power, to Mrs. Parkman's friends."

The judge smiled a significant smile that was lost upon Frank Harrison, who had already turned from the volume of Reports he was reading, to make his little speech,—and was immediately absorbed in it.

"Well, well," replied the judge, "only come up and let us have a game of chess after supper to-night. Good-bye, now, and let us see you at the tea-table, at seven o'clock."

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Neither the doctor nor his wife had seen her.

A vague uneasiness, but unaccompanied by a suspicion of treachery, came over her, and she left Rose to accompany her, she proceeded to seek for her through the temple.

As the search proved fruitless, the feeling of uneasiness changed to alarm, and alarm to terror. Not a trace of the lost one could be discovered.

"Gone!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, as she read in the agitated features of her husband that he, too, had been unsuccessful. "My child has been carried from me."

"Do not alarm yourself needlessly, Bell," replied Sir Charles, assuming a confidence he was far from feeling; "every rank shall be explored."

"Ah! Sir Charles," said the poet of the officers who were unwounded, were roused, and all joined eagerly in seeking the lost girl. Not a nook or cell which the trembling fugitive could possibly fill was left unsearched, so uncertain if she had fallen into one of these; and, we need not say, with the same result.

Men and officers looked inquiringly into each other's faces, as if there to read a clue to the mystery of her disappearance. The general impression was evident there was either a traitor amongst them, or that the entity possessed some means of access to the temple known only to themselves.

The baronet and his wife were bewildered with grief.

"Poor Richard!" murmured the former; "who shall tell him this?"

At the name of his friend, Fred Wharton, who had been one of the most active in the search, could not suppress a groan of anguish.

"There must be treason somewhere," he exclaimed, passionately.

"I will answer for the man as for myself," observed Sir Charles, "and I would not have you or would have exited his life a hundred times in her defense. Search on, sir, the mystery is inexplicable."

"I am puzzled, Wharton," said Lady Bell, clasping the young soldier convulsively by the hand, "but you must not doubt Anne and either Lillian nor myself first doubt shall fall into the hands of our enemies. Forgive me," she added, seeing how deeply the young man had pained him; "I am certain Anne has made me; but—you will even her—you will find her."

"I would give my life to redeem or to avenge her," replied the young officer, fervently; "but we must—only a moment to collect my thoughts," he added, hastily. "You both retired at the same hour last night?"

"We did."

"And slept within the sanctuary?"

"Yes."

"Were the gates barred as usual?"

"I closed and fastened them myself," replied Lady Bell, "and Lillian's watch walked by them."

"Then Lillian must have withdrawn the bolt," observed Sir Charles, "and some infernal treachery has been used to draw her from the place."

The men and officers who unwounded were proceeded to the spot where the lost one had slept. Vainly they sought for a clue to the mystery of her disappearance. Not the slightest appearance of any other had been made in the room than what existed before. The altar and statue underwent the same scrutiny. Both appeared carved from a single stone, and their solidity would discard suspicion.

"Lost!" murmured Lady Bell, throwing herself into a chair, overcome by long-suffering. "Lost!"

Sir Charles Fourcou shook his head mournfully, and could not stare the melancholy conviction on the young soldier.

The mysterious disappearance of one so generally beloved, dimmed the joy of the hardly won victory. It cast a shade of the gathest and deepest hand fast regarded the loss, and sympathized with the sufferers. Even Sanderson, who had been unhearted with, who mourned for the helpless girl as deeply as if she had been the offspring of their own loins, was one of the child of their adoption.

Poor Rose shared in their affliction. It was a grief which she had long been accustomed to, and Providence seemed to have dispelled the cloud which had so long hung over her husband. Fortunately, that strong feeling of religion which is given to those who believe the way, remained and settled her to impart consolation where it was most needed.

But for Marie Philidrenon, his wrath knew no bounds. At one moment he suspected the fidelity of his men, the next, that of his own, suddenly his conviction in their loyalty, and promised more rewards than his purse could afford, he found that

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHICH IS THE HEIRESS?

OR HOW FRANK HARRISON WAS MADE TO SMART.

BY MATT C. VANDALL.

"Harrison," said Judge Parkman, to his young lawyer, "you will oblige me with a message for you, this morning. Her compliments, and she would be happy to see you this evening. She has a little business to transact with you, which she and she looks to you to gallant them about. One of them is an old friend, Mr. Hamilton, and as there's a pretty good chance for you, Master Frank, if you will be sent to find it out."

"I shall certainly accept Mrs. Parkman's invitation, and do myself the honor of calling for a quest to her this evening." Frank Harrison replied; "but you know, Judge, that I have never yet had the slightest glimpse of the two young ladies, or, at any rate, and should be loath to act up my acquaintance on the brief of an hour's call. I must be most happy to pay any attention in my power, to Mrs. Parkman's friends."

The judge smiled a significant smile that was lost upon Frank Harrison, who had already turned from the volume of Reports he was reading, to make his little speech,—and was immediately absorbed in it.

"Well, well," replied the judge, "only come up and let us have a game of chess after supper to-night. Good-bye, now, and let us see you at the tea-table, at seven o'clock."

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"Here's an evening lost," were his first audible words, "and I had calculated on getting through with so much! But of course, I must go. The judge is my best and truest friend, and Mrs. Parkman has been very kind and civil. But, confound those girls, I say, if I'm to be forced to dance attendance upon them for the next month, or six weeks, or so long as they choose to stay. One of them an heiress, too, so that the common civility will seem like a bait thrown out to catch her dollars. I wish I had asked the judge their names, and which has the fortune. But, never mind, I shall be sure to find out that, by the site she'll put on."

So saying, Mr. Harrison sauntered out upon the large street, and betook himself to his lodgings at the hotel, whence, a little before seven o'clock, he emerged in his greatest toilet, and directed his steps towards the mansion of Judge Parkman.

Twilight had fallen when he arrived, and as lights had not yet been brought into the parlor, he did not distinctly discern the faces of the ladies to whom he was presented. But presently, at the brilliantly-lighted table, he found himself seated between two spotted ladies, who spoke but ever rested upon. There was something peculiarly delicate, graceful and childlike about Miss Walter and her beauty, that interested him in spite of himself. Her manner, while perfectly composed and self-possessed, was yet simple and devoid of any appearance of art. She seemed a creature formed for dependance, to be loved, petted, shielded from all approach of harm, or evil—one to win love by her beauty, and retain it by her sweetness of temper, and her loving ways.

Her companion and friend was essentially different. She was tall, finely formed, with a regal head that sat proudly on the white arched neck that rose from her full, yet graceful shoulders which gleamed snowily through the folds of mist-like lace that veiled them. Her complexion was completely fair, with scarce a rosy tinge even upon the cheek, save her eyes and hair black as night, and her whole appearance most self-control and commanding. Her dress was simple in black, and were no ornament save a diamond breach upon her bosom, where the sparkling gem shone and sparkled in the light of the light. She was introduced to Mr. Harrison as Miss Dormance, and he set her down at once as the heiress.

"She be beautiful," he said to himself, "but she lacks with the value of herself and her fortune that charms Frank goodness. I've no temptation in that direction, and shall therefore be perfectly secure by my side, penalties, than Miss Dormance with all her wealth."

So Frank devoted himself to "the fairy," as he named her in his own heart, the entire evening, only giving a share to Miss Dormance when politely required. Before he took his leave, he found that he had some strange confusion in his head, he perceived as he was, he could hardly help believing, attributed to the loss of his heart. He went home in a sort of mist, and dreamed the whole night of blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and light floating curls, and of a small hand that lingered in his own, with a musical voice that kept repeating "dear Frank!" "dear Frank!" in a bewilderment of joy and rapture.

"Emma," said Florence Webber to her friend, as they were retired to their room that night, "do you know that Mr. Harrison thinks you the heiress? I saw it in his manner to you, and by the pains he took to help you in any way, you know you may command me. Now what can I do, sweet Em?"

Florence nestled her rosy face, now dyed with blushes, upon the shoulder of her friend, and whispered, with a sweet confusion, "I know that I thought of a plan that she was sure was a capital one, and that would be of the greatest benefit to her and the Parkmans in carrying it out. And so, after more coaxing and solicitation, Florence found a plan was to pass her off as the heiress, during their visit to Judge Parkman's, and that Mr. Harrison on opportunity of showing whether the sudden regard he had manifested for Miss Webber, was disinterested or not.

Miss Dormance could not enter heartily into a scheme like this. She was a noble, elevated woman, one who scorned deceit in its most harmless form; but she had agreed to aid her friend, who desired only to learn whether she could be loved for herself alone. So she promised to take part in the plot, inwardly pledging herself to reveal it at once if her supposed heiress should bring self-esteem to her.

The next morning, when Judge Parkman entered the office, he found Frank Harrison seated at his desk, apparently studying the same volume of Law Report over which had occupied his attention the preceding evening. The judge could not help smiling slightly at the young man's assiduity and industrious thus ever he had seen him before, and was at no loss to guess at the cause. He had no suspicion, however, in the course of conversation that followed, Frank alluded more than once to the evening he had passed with Miss Dormance as the heiress.

"Well, well," said, laughingly, "you once to that conclusion, did you, Master Frank? She *has* a fine property, and cannot be denied, but more, perhaps, than one is used to homage would carelessly acquire. Nobody, however, could accuse her of being at her duties—you politic young dog! laughed, as?"

Frank submitted the fact, and the conversation concluded by an invitation to accompany the lawyer on a drive to a neighboring lake, which was a place of much resort, that afternoon.

The invitation was accepted, and so were many more that followed; till it became a matter of course for Frank to spend a portion of every day, after the labor of morning, in the company of the ladies, at Judge Parkman's, or in their excursions.

But though courteous to all, and never overlooking the claims of any one, Frank soon observed that Miss Webber was the attraction that drew him to the consultory hour that pleasant eve. He was ever by her side, and never so happy as when bending over her as she sat at the piano, he sang to her accompaniment. Then, when walking with her, her little hand resting upon his arm, a thrill of joy shot through his frame, and he knew how the words he bore his full bend to speak, and how he called up the flitting blushes to her cheek.

That they were lovers neither themselves nor any one else doubted, and yet Frank delayed to speak. He saw that in all the appointments of Miss Webber's toilet, in the ignorance of all worldly cares she displayed, there was evidence of a luxurious rearing; and he hesitated to ask her to share his fortunes, which were as yet humble, and depended only upon the career which he had marked out for himself, and for which he had high hopes that still awaited their realization.

But Harrison found it difficult to be silent as day after day, he grew to love, more and more, the sweet girl whose own innocent heart had long been patient to him with all its pure wealth of affection. There came a time when the words which had long hung upon his lips, would no longer be stayed, and, with a passionate eloquence borrowed from his struggling emotions, he told the tale of his true and fervent love.

Florence listened in silence; no words passed her pale lips, but her lover looked into her sweet face, and caught the glance of her beautiful eyes, for one moment raised to his, and was answered. His love was returned. But presently, at the pause, and finally called her his own.

The secret she had kept so faithfully still remained unuttered. Little Florence held her stately lover in no slight awe, and so, each during to tell him how she had played a deception on him, she resolved to outrun the revelation to her good friend and ally, Judge Parkman.

But Miss Dormance saved the trouble of a formal announcement on the part of Miss Webber or her host. She had, during her visit, found herself beset by the attentions of one whom only one, her shrewdness assured her, was to gain her hand as the medium for the possession of her reputed wealth. She had watched him, with her haughty manner, to dash his presumptuous hopes, till, on the very day on which Harrison addressed himself to Miss Webber, she found that she could no longer avoid an explanation. With her characteristic justice, she resolved to spare him the pain of a refusal, and the mortification of a withdrawal of his suit when he should find that she was not the true heiress. She was in a few moments by her self, and thus had the pleasure of seeing herself addressed by the gentleman whose secret, embarrassing and humiliating, retired awkwardness so soon as the true state of the case was made apparent.

But the happy incidents had concluding any excursion, and Frank having left Miss Webber at the appointed hour, and returned to the house before the pseudo lover of Miss Dormance left the house, he found himself alone with the latter lady, and in new Frank sitting there in a reverie that seemed very pleasant, he could not resist the misleading idea that the lady was contributing to his entertainment by the expression of a suspicion that there was something more than usual in the wind. Frank had had doubtless been selected as the victim of the deception.

Frank listened, in silence. He felt that he had been duped, and that he was the laughing-stock becoming, wind he had always deprecated—a fortune-hunter. But the voice of Flora's sweet tones, pleading for her friend, and for the one who still his efforts, he could either feel indignant no every. Miss Dormance was not in the parlor, when he entered, but he had not long to wait for Florence her cause, and their own, so eloquently that he was allowed to remain. Frank was in a very good right-ly, and that he was under infinite obligations to them for giving him an opportunity of winning it by his own exertions, and from a knowledge of the pleader, after all, was Florence, herself, and when Emma and Frank had left the room, Florence threw herself, and then withdrew, with her friends, and left the lovers to their own. And so effectual was being her peace, and persuading her lover to accept the goods the gods had provided for him, that they threw her in his way.

Of course they were married, and of course Frank found that the heiress was not the less really famous than he otherwise would have done. He was happy, too, and so were all the Parkmans, and I don't think either regretted the little ruse by which they were won.

Miss Dormance soon after married one whose lowly position and humble fortune were those being his heart as her feet. Some unexpected turn of fortune had enabled him to marry, and she was for his wife's sake, as well as his own, lack the aid which Mr. and Mrs. Harrison could bestow, in their power. Florence was married to a rich man, but at Judge Parkman's hospitable mansion, and declared that she would die days of the first auspicious visit of the heiress.

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY IN CONVERSATION.

There are very few men that know how to converse. Conversation is a fine art, requiring both ready and willing to speak. Women have a most gradual way of talking about everything each man, in their wisdom, esteem beneath their powers. The boys of the high school are not to be met and other them the American ladies hold the most distinguished place. It is indeed marvelous to listen to two sisters, who have been for years the dress weeds, edifying each other with their mutual stores of knowledge, and how their brothers would have disbursed themselves in one-tenth of the time.

But the "ruling passion" is strong against women's tongues, and the stupid jokes about their "gossiping" are the middle-aged men's feeble retort, about their being the "only perfect opinions of perfect beauty." So, &c., are utterly unjust. In the century accepted as the latter, we find ever heard of a *lady making a speech?*—unless she belonged to the class of the school for orators, lecturers and vociferous class of nondescripts. We do not mean to disparage them in this our last remark; for possibly but we do say it is unfair in a man to attend a public meeting, and to return home and regale with a speech of two hours' length, filled with all the common-places of all the common writers of the day, and then to expect his wife and sister and daughter for pouring forth a gay too minutes' rattle in the drawing-room after the gentlemen have left. Wilfe a man is talking stupid sense, you bore a woman sensible nonsense, and the latter is the better commodity is infinitely more estimable in our opinion. So this subject, we may quote four additional lines in their way:

"Tis sweet to talk of knaves,
Tis sweet to talk of fools,
Tis sweet to talk of rogues and fools
Behind their backs.

SALT LAKE AND THE DEAD SEA.

A traveler, who has recently visited the Salt Lake, gives the following facts: "The Salt Lake is one of the greatest curiosities I ever met with. Its waters are about one-third salt, yielding that amount on boiling. I bathed in it, and found that it buoyed me up as well as the waters of the sea; and even sit up and wash my feet without sinking, such is the strength of the brine; and when I came out I was completely coated, as with a thin salt crystal. But the most astonishing thing about it is the fact that every drop of water that flows into it was manufacturing salt there at the time), that during the summer season the lake is constantly below the surface of salt, while in the winter season it throws up slighter salts in immense quantities. The reason of this I leave for the scientific to judge, and also what becomes of the enormous amount of fresh water poured into it by three or four large rivers —Jordan, Bear, and Weber—as there is no visible outlet." Our readers will not fail to see in this account several remarkable points of coincidence with Lake Asphaltite, or the Dead Sea: the same density of the water, by which many bodies are buoyed up, its extreme saltness, notwithstanding the constant flow into it of fresh water streams, and the absence of any visible outlet.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE DEFENSE.

BY MARAH.

I felt his strong heart beating,
Firmly and steadily.
"And oh!" I said, with laughing,
"Would that you cared for me."

"When first you loved me, angel,
"You did not meet me so—
"Oh! would that once you loved me,
"As in the long ago."

"I do," he answered silently,
Speaking as I do now,
"For think this all your pleading
"And more I have not known."

"You know me love to judge me;
"You are at heart a child."
He turned his eyes upon me,
And sighed, and then he smiled.

Pride child!" he added, fondly,
His arm about me thrown,
"I care for you and love you
"More than you ever have known.

"You think me cold and cruel,
"And ever my harshness wrong;
"You lead me with reproaches,
"When mercy pleads and sings.

"My child, your eyes are hidden;
"You cannot look within,
"Where basic, with stern sobriety,
"Man's heart of gold and sin.

"Entreat me not to linger—
"Yet, though we talk and part,
"Believe the love I bear you
"Is reverent and true.

"Curbing these clinging fingers,
"And may these falling tresses—
"Our pride must be sensible,
"Through all our coming years."

What is there left for loving,
Since he has left my side?
My eyes were drawn at morning,
My day has changed to night.

THE CARPENTER'S APPRENTICES.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY STEPHANIE COSIN, JR.

Widow Roland stood with her hand upon the head of her boy. He was a bright-eyed, curly-headed, healthy-looking fellow, with a face of marked intelligence, and a genial, good-natured expression of countenance. He had a bundle in his hand, and upon the way a small trunk, all ready to start early for travel.

"Mark," spoke the widow, "you are the only child I have in the world—the only being I have left to whom my hopeful love can cling."

Mark looked earnestly up into his mother, but did not speak. He hid his face, that she might not see the tears that came to his eyes.

"Thus far, my son," the widow resumed, keeping her own tears, "I have done for you what I have been could. I have taught you what I thought was right, and have been more than repaid by your loving kindness towards me. But now you are going to leave me. It is perhaps, hard for us to part, but it is for the best good. You must begin to prepare for the business of life, and work out your own support, since the means of support are on both are not within my reach. Before I board you to Mr. Hammond, I reserve myself that he was an excellent man—a man upright, kind-hearted, and strictly moral. So you will not fail to find a good example in your master. Now, Mark, I have one very important question to ask of you. Do you know what kind of a man you wish to be when you grow up?"

"Yes, mother," the boy replied.

"And what kind is it?"

"A good man."

"And you would be respected, and beloved, and honored by all who knew you?" added the mother.

"Yes—yes."

"Then, my child, let this be the rule of your life until that time: If you are ever tempted to take a step not in the ordinary course of your duty, stop and ask yourself this simple question—Will I shall be ashamed of it?' And then you may ask—Would my mother advise me to do it? It would not have you mean or prompting, I still there is a proper care to be exercised over whatever sums of money may come into your possession. Remember that there are two kinds of pleasure—there is a pleasure which fallen away with the excitement which produces it; and there is a pleasure which confesses to our lasting good, and then remains with us to the very hour of our life birth. Do you understand me, my son?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then I shall not fear for my boy."

In a little while the stage rolled up and stopped before the door, and the stout driver put on the trunk and board it in his place. Mark Roland took his mother, received from her blessing, and a short prayer from her lips, and then hurried into the stage, and bid his face away in his hands. Late in the afternoon he reached a large village, and was set down at the door of a nice house. He wondered if he was to live in such a dwelling. It was larger and handsomer than any house in the town whence he had come, and he was beginning to fear that he should never feel at home in such a place, when his misgivings were cut short by the appearance of a middle-aged man, who had just come up the path, and who was addressed by one as Mark Roland.

Mark concluded Mr. Hammond, as he had seen him at his mother's house once, and he replied that he was the boy. His trunk was carried into the house, and he was then conducted to the dining-room, where the family were just ready to sit down to supper. He was introduced to Mrs. Hammond and to the larger children, and also to two other apprentices, who were about his own age. He could eat but little, so he had more time to look about him, and observe to what companions he was with whom he was to live. He liked the looks of Mrs. Hammond, and he felt sure she must be kind and affectionate. And then there was a little girl, whom the boston called Caddy, but whose real name was Caroline, and as she Caroline, that he thought he should like very much. She was younger than he, and was a good deal smaller, but she looked good, and kind, and pleasant, and he wondered if she could ever learn to love him as his own sweet sister loved him before she died.

He cast many further glances at Mr. Hammond, but he could not tell exactly what to make of him. The man had a very sober look, and at times seemed to be stern; but yet there was nothing unpleasant in his look, and when he spoke, his voice was very kind and considerate in its tones.

When it came bed-time, Mark found that he was to sleep in a room with the other two apprentices. Their names were James Prout and Thomas Wilson. They seemed to be good-natured boys, and our hero thought he should like them very well. But he could not talk much that night, for he thought of his mother—he had never been away from her a night before, and he could think of nothing else. Before he slept, however, he remembered all the instructions he had received, and he pledged himself that he would live up to them—he would be a good man if he lived.

Mr. Hammond's shop was a very large one, and quite a number of hands worked in it. He was the only house-carpenter of any consequence in the place, and he had as much business as he could attend to. He had taken care to use the best custom tools, and at the end of a week he had the satisfaction of seeing that his master spoke but for his application and good behavior. As soon as he got over his homesickness he became very happy in his new home. Mrs. Hammond treated him as though he were a child of her own, and Caddy was not long in loving him as he had hoped she would. He did not then realize how much of this was owing to his own gentleness and kindness, though he did know that he had resolved from the first to be all that a faithful boy should be.

At length there came a holiday. There was nothing in particular going on in that village, but then it was a holiday, and the apprentices were allowed to leave it to themselves to spend as they pleased, and their employer gave them half a dollar each to use as they might think proper.

"Well, Mark," said James Prout, as soon as they had done breakfast, "what ye goin' to do to-day?"

"Why," returned Mark, "I dought I should take a walk down by the river, and perhaps go then come home and go to work."

"What!" said James, in surprise. "Work on 'Lection Day! Didn't the old man give ye any money?"

"Yes."

"And aren't ye goin' to spend it?"

"Not now," said Mark. "I'll be the first money he has given me—the first I have owned at my trade—and I'll keep it for some good purpose."

"Pooh! What d'ye mean by that?" asked James. "You've got to commence early to be a miser."

"No, no—not that, James. I do not mean to save this for the mere gratification of having money, but for the purpose of having something on hand in case I may need it. In fact, you see that I, both of us, hope to be men one of these days. We shall want to go into business, and need a good home of our own, and we must have money to do this with. Now we are boys, and we have at some time, and I know of no place so good to keep it as in the hands of our master, Mr. Hammond."

"That's all very well to talk, but it won't go down," said Thomas. "Come—we'll go to the tavern, and see what's up there, and then go over to the bowling-alley. We'll have a good time. Come."

"No," returned Mark. "I have no desire to go to either of the places, for I am sure it would do me no good, and I should feel ashamed."

The other apprentices both laughed, and James told him he ought to have been a minister instead of a carpenter.

"A carpenter ought to be a good, upright, virtuous man, and as far as possible a minister. A minister can be no more," said Mark, rather promptly.

The boys laughed again, but not quite so forcibly as before, and then they separated.

Now it so happened that this conversation had taken place in the shop-window, and Mr. Hammond was in an adjoining pantry at work washing the breakfast-dishes, and he overheard every word of it, and it was perfectly natural that she should go and tell her husband of the matter.

In the meantime Mark walked away down by the river, where the spring flowers grew in wild luxuriance, and he sat down on the bank of the ridge, and reflected upon the occurrences of the morning. He felt a little sorry that he had not gone as he set it all away, a lesson was suggested to his mind. First there was human being was like a ship, and how like human life the water. The current was fortune, and it must bear a man on to the great ocean if he once given up to the tide. Was it well to go to the ocean? If not, don't attempt to steer the ship. If it would not, then try to take the current, and still away.

Mark was perfectly satisfied with the course he had pursued, and by-and-by he arose from his seat, and plucked a few of the flowers that grew near about him, which he made into two bouquets and then he went home. One of the bouquets he gave to Mrs. Hammond, and the other to Caddy. They thanked him very kindly. Caddy gave him a kiss, and he thought that his mother would be with more tenderness than usual. With a light, happy heart he went to his room to study his lesson hour of instruction.

"What—at work to-day?" asked Mr. Hammond.

"Yes, sir," replied Mark. "I would rather work than spend my money for nothing."

"Well, well," rejoined the carpenter, with a look and tone of gratification, "I am glad you feel so, for I have work that I must do, and you can help me to-day I will pay you. I trust the rule does not for the day, but for the week."

"If I should do, as all your children have died, and you have no one to leave your property to, then I should now that she might find friends."

"Ah, Mark," said the widow, with a sad woman, moved to learn by the boy's words. "God won't have the property much even to be worth."

Mark felt a new kind of happiness as he went at work that evening, and he reflected upon the news which had occupied, in the early hours of noon right, and that his mother would be happy it when she knew it.

And while Mark was at work, old Polly went to the carpenter's house and told Mrs. Hammond listened to her till she had finished, and then she said:

"The boy is true, as I had hoped he would be. I can truly say—He has been tried, and is not found wanting."

When Mark went to live with Mr. Hammond he received but little, but on the second year he had received a dollar, and that was for doing a little over-work. After this he fared better. His employer gave him so much per month, though the other two apprentices thought he did. They were conversing upon the subject in the shop one noon, and Mark overheard enough to come in for a plain remark dropped from the lips of James Prout.

"What's that, boys?" asked the carpenter, who had heard a part of the remark as he entered.

The two apprentices were confused, and could talk to speak freely upon the topic, but their employer pressed them, and finally James answered—

"You give him better work than you do us, eh?"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Hammond.

"Why—he works on better work, and when he gets overwork he can make more," replied James.

"Look ye, boys—I am glad I know how you feel, for I can now set you right. Answer me this: Have I devoted one moment more time or attention to Mark than I have to you? Now think carefully—look over the time you have been in the shop together, and then answer me."

"No, sir," said James, "I don't know as you have."

"Do you, Thomas? have I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then listen further: I want two nice four-panel doors made for the new store. I will give you the dimensions, and you may get out the stuff and make and finish them, and when they are done you shall have your pay."

The two astonished James, "we can't make a door."

"Why not?"

"We never learned."

"Who taught Mark to make it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Yes, you do know," said Mr. Hammond, sternly. "I have known that he picked up the information while you were off *spinning* yourselves. At first he offered to help the journeymen during his spare time, when they were driven, and they not only accepted his offer, but they did just what he wished them to do—they taught him all they could. One evening he came to me after working hours, and wanted to buy a couple of pine boards. I asked him what he wanted of them, and he told me he only wanted to try and see what he could make of them. I asked no more questions, but gave him a couple of the boards. Two days after I saw a door standing in the shop, and asked one of the journeymen where it came from, and he told me it was one Mark Roland had made. It was somewhat rough, but there was not a bad joint or over-done in this shop, and is now hung in Mr. Hammond's house. I would gladly have had it myself, for ever received from me in that department of the trade. He had gained it all by his own exertions, and if I now give him better work than I give you, it is simply because he can do it, while you cannot. Now, boys, I have one more question to say: While you have behaved with decency and kept free from shameful vices, you have not felt called upon to interfere with what you have done, and I am glad to compliment you for it. Now you now that you will both see the time, if you live, that you will wish that you had followed the example of the companion with whom you have found so much fault. The way is still open for you, and I give you fair notice that you shall have no more favors than I give you. I

ADELYN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

I love him—and he knows it now!
Why did I let him steal my heart?
'Twas written on my crimsoned brow;
And trembling hand, and lips apart.
Whene'er I met his earnest gaze,
Or heard his voice in accents low,
And—ah!—I read in those dear ways,
And—ah!—I read I love him so.

For each and every look doth fain a way
To where my heart is throbbing wild,
And on love's alphabet I can
Clasp in his ears another's hand—
Ah me! why do I love him so?
By trembling heart, I pray be still—
I may—rather like denying
I may forget him, if I will!

Forget him? Oh, 'tis cannot be!
Love dwells within me strong, divine,
The' his dark eyes look tenderly
Upon a dearer than mine.
Ah, fond me-mine, I know—alas!
I hold the tokens in my hand—
Her golden hair, her pearly brow,
A tender poem—and a kiss!

Or each line traveled in a ring,
His name upon the golden circle—
I was a fool to love him so!
Why should a passing sunshine in my room
Like wings of restless autumn birds,
Or sad thoughts come and go to and fro?
Ah, oh! I cannot weave in words
The mystery of strange delight!

But half the world's deep beauty pales,
And silence, half life's music thrills—
He said it down the quiet valley,
And some shall hear across the hills!
I feel my destiny is higher
And nobler for that love he can be,
For forever's regnant hands of fire
Hath sealed my soul to memory.

Till I have caught the burning strain
Sung by the Hero-Bards of old,
Whose heavens dotted with love's soft pain,
In silence suffered and controlled!
But one, at whom God lifts eyes,
Can never be a hero's bride—
Ah me! the pleasure of the prize
Some angel takes me by the hand!

BRADY'S LEAP.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During the early settlements in the western part of Pennsylvania and the north-western portion of Virginia, the hardy adventurer into those then wilderness solitudes at times suffered severely from the incursions of the Indians. As early as 1790, quite a large body of warriors, dwelling on the banks of the Cuyahoga Falls, came suddenly down upon the unprotected frontier, and before any check could be put to their ravages, succeeded in murdering and plundering quite a number of the whites, and effecting their retreat in safety.

At this time there was a well-known Indian hunter in this vicinity, one Captain Brady, a man whose many daring exploits and hair-breadth escapes had rendered him as much admired by his colregion as his contemporary, the celebrated Daniel Boone, was in Kentucky; and these qualities of leadership a goodly number of as brave and daring spirits as himself, to at once collect them together, selected a certain number for the expedition, and set out on the trail of the savages, hoping to overtake them and inflict a severe chastisement before they should reach their villages.

In this respect, however, the gallant and bold friends were disappointed, for the Indians had gained a start which enabled them to reach their towns in advance of their pursuers; but as they designed to different tribes, it was discovered that they had separated on the bank of the Cuyahoga, one party crossing it and going down on the northward, and the other turning off to the westward, as it was supposed, to the Falls, where it was known there was a village.

The division of the Indians rendered it necessary for the whites, if they would overtake each band, to divide their force also, which would weaken it materially, and render their further pursuit still more hazardous; and in view of the new danger, Captain Brady asked the white men separately for his companions, and inquired of them what they were disposed to do under the circumstances.

Should they follow either one of the trails, he said, the other half of the Indians would escape; should they follow neither one, all would escape, and should they divide, each division would be comparatively small, and they might all be cut off in detail; therefore it was for them to choose whether they would go forward in one party or two, or return as they were without striking a blow.

The men were not long in deciding; they were unanimous in their desire to push forward and take vengeance upon the enemy; they also preferred a division of the party, and accordingly about one-half of them immediately crossed the river and set off to the northward, while the remainder, under Captain Brady, followed the westward trail to the Cuyahoga Falls.

It was the design and expectation of the gallant captain to attack the Indians by surprise; but in this he was disappointed, for they were prepared to receive them, and it was only by a mere accident that the latter escaped a severe fire falling into an ambuscade which would have proved fatal to all.

Seeing that the Indians were fully prepared for them—that there was no chance of taking them by surprise—that their numbers were at least four times as many as their own—and perceiving, moreover, a determined open a retreat; but they had not gone far when the Indians, obeying their wishes perhaps, set after them in a body.

Knowing that if he men continued together there would be no escape for any of them, Captain Brady, in order to save as many lives as possible, called out to them to disperse in every direction, and each man to look out for himself. By this means he expected to divide the Indians into small parties in their pursuit of single individuals; and this might have been the result, had they not, unfortunately for his own safety, discovered in him their most vindictive and troublesome foe, and at once resolved upon his capture.

Captain Brady was well known to the Indians; in former times he had headed them with more than one very grounds; but he had subsequently become more than most implacable enemy, and had done them so much injury as to render them a fiendish desire to take him alive and put him to the torture —they well knowing that his own apprehension of this purpose would not only rid them of the man they both hated and feared, but would deprive the whites of their bravest and most daring leader, and would enable the more effective blow against the latter than would the destruction of a dozen or twenty men of lesser note. For this reason, therefore, the moment it was ascertained that he was one of the party, his capture was determined on by all, and, turning from the pursuit of the others, the whole yelling crew set after him.

Captain Brady had something of the start, and was one of the fleetest runners on the border; that he could distance and escape from a foe, he was confident enough to believe; but when he found himself recognized, and, looking behind him, saw the whole body in close of himself, his very heart seemed to die within him. What chance had he of escape indeed—single handed and alone—after from the refuge of even a wilderness fort—and with fully infuriated Indians to hot pursuit, urged on by a spirit of revenge, and resolved, above every other earthly consideration, upon taking him alive or dead!

But the captain was a brave man, and a brave man dies but once, while a cowardly one lives and would not consider his case hopeless while the freedom of his limbs remaining; and, although, as he afterwards expressed it, "it was hardly one chance in fifty, yet he was determined to do or die, and to find with himself from a lack of effort."

Near the point where the two fires started, the Cuyahoga makes a bend to the south, so as to nearly enclose an area of several square miles in the form of a peninsula; the direction taken by Brady soon brought him within this enclosure; and the Indians, by extending their line to the two banks of the stream, at the point where they most nearly approach each other, considered him as in a net, and assumed their subdued, stolid look of triumph. There was now, in fact, no chance for him to escape through their lines or across the Cuyahoga river; and considering that the foremost pursuers were only such behind him, whose force of those chances was regarded by the savages as an insignificant one.

Still the hasty and gallant captain did not despair; his bad name a fame hunted over this very ground, and he knew well how to use all the windings, turnings, and peculiarities of the river as well as the Indian themselves; he knew, too, there was one point where the river, compressed within a bed of rocks, was narrow and flowing through a rocky gorge; and it at once occurred to him to shape his course for that point, and make a bold, desperate leap for the other shore. He knew that should he succeed, the pursuit upon his heels beneath, it was true; but this would only be a quick and sudden death; the awful torture of the stake endured him if taken alive; and to take him alive was unquestionably the design of the numerous savages who had neglected no pains to him from a distance which would have made their aim fatal.

Casting away his rifle, as only an incumbrance which could not serve him in the leap, he bounded set forward with renewed energy; and with a bare hope of life before him, he fled with a speed that few could equal—slightly gaining upon the fleetest of his foes—but not sufficiently, during the whole distance, to render his success certain in the end.

Nearer and nearer he came, louder grew the roar of the waters; the next moment he was upon the yawning before him, and the white spray of the fearful torrent rose high above his head, seeming, yelling behind, and his only hope here; and then summoning his energies for the effort, he measured the precipitous rock, and throwing into them all the power of his muscular system, he sprang out into the air, like a bounding ball, and landed safely upon the other rocky verge of the abyss, and with a little below the height from which he sprung, but passing a clear distance of twenty-two feet between the two points.

Instantly grasping some bushes which fringed the verge of the chasm, he drew himself up and out from falling backward into the seething stream, the gallant captain turned to look upon his pursuers, ing from his exertions, and striving to recover his breath for still another effort.

In those few moments the Indians appeared upon the opposite bluff, expecting to find that he had been dashed to pieces upon the rocks below, but on discovering his safety on the opposite side, their astonishment was so great as momentarily and simultaneously to draw from them some two or three short, expressive words, regarding which their first surprise that he was clearly beyond their reach, and not seeming to recollect it till he had actually accomplished the slight distance that was his further efforts at escape. Thus drawing up his rifle with a quick aim, they poured a hot fire upon him something like a regular volley, most of the balls whistling over and around him, and one of them lodging in his hip, and inflicting a severe and painful wound.

Notwithstanding this, the gallant fellow continued his career, and, on reaching the top of the ridge, gave a yell of defiance, and disappeared on the other side.

Captain Brady was now aware that the Indians would have to make a considerable circuit in order to reach him; and, as he was not severely wounded, he would have considered his escape as almost certain; but knowing he would still be followed, and, indeed, expecting many painful, and the consequences of which he dreaded, he set off in search of a place of concealment.

Not far from the point where he had leaped the chasm, he found a large hollow tree, the entrance to which was so much concealed by vines and bushes that it would not be easily discovered; and, creeping into this, he drew the vines and bushes over the entrance, and awaited the result.

He had been here considerably over half an hour, when he heard the Indians coming, and, from the sounds that reached his ears, he knew that they were searching for him in every direction. Some of them passed very near his place of concealment, and he could hear them talking to each other; but they soon left the vicinity, and he heard them no more.

Supposing that they had given up the search, and that they had returned to the opposite side of the river, he now left his place of concealment, and, after carefully reconnoitering the ground around him, he set out in a northerly direction, with the intention of striking the Ohio river, and following it down to the settlements.

He had proceeded but a few miles, when he found himself suddenly confronted by a party of Indians, who had evidently been on the lookout for him, and who, on discovering him, set up a yell of triumph, and gave chase.

Brady was now in a sad plight; his wounded hip was very painful, and he was quite lame, and hungry as he was—faint, and without a weapon for his defense—he set off on his long, weary, and painful journey, in the direction of his home; which he eventually reached more dead than alive; and, when, to his great gratification, he found the companions of his perilous expedition safely returned, himself near his home; while the rocky chasm of the Cuyahoga river was the main bob its desperate spring, is known far and near by the name of "Brady's Leap."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHIEF DELAWARE.—The old wooden forts that stood on the banks of the Ohio river, in the early days, 1790. But when we say it seems that there were two forts, we mean that there were two stockades, and that one of them, and was correspondingly near. Therefore, on the fifth day of February, 1795, the commissioners appointed by the treaty existing the evacuation of New York to take down the forts at Niagara, Oswego, and Oswegatchie, and to deliver the posts and stores to the proper officers; and therefore were constructed and occupied by the British after the peace of 1783. In this case, by the treaty of Greenville, the country was opened for hunters and wagons crossed to Sandusky's island on the Ohio river, and on the same day.

ANTHONY.—It is impossible to advise you in regard to the matter you mention, without knowing more than the simple statement you have given us. The contract to be pursued depends entirely upon the circumstances connected with the business, and upon the agreement entered into between you members. On general principles and the circumstances you have stated, we should say that the contract was void, as a woman loses a man, the worst thing a person was whose name was Thomas Jefferson, and he was very much in debt. He was in danger and prosecute the lover. Such a course will make fearful interest with his friends, and will be very unsatisfactory.

ANNA MARIA.—The darkest danger as to the use of "Hair Restorer" years ago, as fabulous physician of this city was in the habit of using it, and it was considered a dangerous experiment to use it. Dr. Valentine Mott, the celebrated surgeon, in his history in that the use, as mentioned above, in small portions upon the other rocky verge of the abyss, and landed safely a little below the height from which he sprung, but passing a clear distance of twenty-two feet between the two points.

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After running a short distance he discovered a pond, and near the shore a large oak which had fallen into it; there might be nothing better than this; and burying forward with all his might, he boldly plunged in, swam under water to the log, and, coming up beneath the trunk and among the branches, in such a manner as to be barely able to breathe without exposing any portion of his person to his enemies.

Here, in a state of mind which may be imagined but cannot be described, the gallant borderer remained for a long time, watching his agencies as they collected one by one along the shore at the point where his bloody trail had disappeared in the water.

Still resolved upon finding him, either living or dead, the savages were by no means disposed to give up the search; and after running along the shore for a considerable distance, on either side of his trail, to ascertain if possible where he had emerged from the water, several of the party on the opposite bank, and, at once, with deliberate, scanning behind them, commenced a thorough search.

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